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THE NATION

OCTOBER 2, 1967 35 cents

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***The New Novel, USA:* STEPHEN KOCH ON SUSAN SONTAG**

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LETTERS

costs of relocation

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: Perhaps with the kind of readers *The Nation* may be presumed to have, it is not necessary to bring together the contributions of Kenneth Burke ["Responsibilities of National Greatness"] and Ivor Kraft ["The Classroom Struggle"] in your issue of July 17. But it is just such readers, I believe, who view proposals for "federal expenditures upward of $50 billion a year over the next twenty-five years," as Mr. Kraft does, in terms of "an annual gross national product of $1,000 billion," without realizing, as Mr. Burke does, that such an allocation of money "involves a corresponding allocation of goods and manpower," *which cannot be employed to overcome the deficiencies* of our schools without being withdrawn from other uses. The use Mr. Burke mentions is "construction, military aid, transportation and the like, in connection with our military activities abroad," and this reader, at least, would be glad to divert resources from such use to improving our public schools.

But in a free society the reallocation of manpower is far more complex than merely taking a GI out of uniform and giving him a certificate to teach children to read. It involves incentives that would reallocate resources which now are demanded for their own use by groups in our society with more bargaining power than schoolteachers possess. It will not be enough, for instance, to raise schoolteachers' salaries. They must be raised *above* the wages of auto workers, steel workers, truck drivers and space scientists, so that young persons will prepare to become teachers instead of taking jobs that pay more for less.

Whatever we allocate in tax money to the welfare of others must come out of the amounts we have to spend for ourselves (and not be covered by a cost-of-living increase in pay), or there will be no reallocation of resources but only inflation. This can only increase the anger of people who have been led to believe that we really mean to help them.

There is no painless way to be a liberal. If there is no sacrifice, there is only a four-flushing pretense of liberalism.

Helen Bugbee

let the world go hang

Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: It is obvious that the article "TV Editorials: Brave and Free?" [*The Nation*, Sept. 4] is either misnamed or that its author, Victor Bernstein, did not do his homework. For the article does not deal with broadcast editorials as such; it deals mostly with one station, WCBS-TV of New York, and its editorial writer, Mr. Michael Keating. Moreover, not only do I find his critique of Mr. Keating and WCBS-TV inapplicable to other broadcast editorials but I find the critique itself rather offensive.

For instance, Mr. Bernstein notes that Mr. Keating "talks in simple terms, mostly about local and state problems, and to the political sophisticate much of what he says conveys little more than that there is one young man who is against sin." Well, jolly for Mr. Bernstein who, we have to assume, is the political sophisticate for whom Mr. Keating's editorials are not quite up to snuff.

But then, just how politically sophisticated is Mr. Bernstein? In reference to the equal-time doctrine, he writes: "This balancing act between assertion and counter-assertion . . . must of course rob any editorial campaign of its dynamic." Is Mr. Bernstein implying in politically sophisticated terms that the Pavlovian possibilities inherent in the radio-television media are not fully exploited because equal time must be granted to the opposition?

(Continued on page 318)

EDITORIALS

Fish to the Cats

Secretary McNamara's speech of September 18, announcing the Johnson Administration's commitment to the building of a "thin" anti-ballistic-missile system, shows the Secretary at his best and his worst. The speech is sincere; it reveals a deeply troubled man. It is carefully reasoned. It stresses the impotence of nuclear weaponry in wars of the Vietnamese type, and the permanent stalemate between the United States and the Soviet Union in their nuclear confrontation. And in the end, because of crucial omission and because Mr. McNamara started with the wrong premises, it comes out with the wrong answers. At the very least it insures an indefinite continuance of the nuclear arms race; it brings measurably nearer the culmination of the contest in the showdown which no one wants but no one does much to prevent.

McNamara is not alone in using the arts of the logician to arrive at a conclusion desired for other reasons than those stated. Sen. Henry M. Jackson, one of the principal promoters of ABM technology, and one who will by no means be satisfied with a mere $5 billion job, a few days ago expatiated in a TV program on the theme that from the time of Peter the Great the Russian military stance has been defensive. As one example, he cited the Soviets' predilection for fighter aircraft in preference to bombers. No one asked Jackson why, if the Soviets were so obsessed with defense, they were such a menace that the United States had to have a "thick" ABM system on top of a nuclear offense arsenal of some 2,200 megatons, approximately 700 times the total weight of all the explosives used in World War II.

McNamara recognizes that the "light" ABM shield (which, if it is ever subjected to nuclear bombardment, may turn out to be a sieve) may be only the precursor of the $40 billion ABM system which will ostensibly protect us against Soviet missiles. Every step of McNamara's analysis can be used by the nuclear hawks to justify a vast, open-ended escalation in the nuclear arms race. Therein lies the real danger, which has been with us since the atomic bomb was developed and became the primary weapon of the cold war. The danger does not come from the East, nor from the West; it arises from the nature of the American politico-economic system and its domination by the military-industrial complex. The same pressures that finally produced McNamara's capitulation—not so long ago he was arguing against any ABM system—will result in further capitulation. The much misused Munich analogy is apposite here. "Mr. Johnson" [*The New York Times* said editorially on September 18] "has thrown a $5 billion fish to the cats. . . . The initial indications are that the advocates of heavy anti-missile defenses will not be appeased." Unless a miraculous conversion occurs, these advocates will *never* be appeased. The entire history of the period since the United States became a great military power shows that theirs is an appetite that feeds on itself; the more they eat, the hungrier they get.

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Sorrowfully, McNamara points out that the nuclear age is with us to stay, that if man is to have a future at all it will necessarily be one "overshadowed with the permanent possibility of thermonuclear holocaust." With each escalation by one side, whether in the form of more nuclear-tipped rockets for delivery on foreign targets or specialized models to shoot down the nuclear-tipped rockets they send against us, reciprocal measures will be taken by the other side. This feedback applies to all arms races, nuclear and conventional; it is an old story. But it operates not only between nations but within them. In the United States it exists in its most malignant form. The Soviet Union and China do not need colossal armaments to maintain economic stability; however repugnant some features of their society may be to us, they could function under everlasting peace. In contrast, the American economy would be in dire trouble without arms manufacture. We have not been on anything but a wartime basis since Franklin D. Roosevelt began preparing the country for World War II, thirty years ago.

McNamara discusses the international back-and-forth of the nuclear arms race clearly enough, but he fails to relate it to diplomacy or policy or internal politics. Is the nuclear arms race to be regarded as a policy in itself, or do we have a policy which is implemented by arms, nuclear arms in particular? But if we do pursue an independent policy designed to promote the national welfare, could we not afford to be more conciliatory toward the powers we have antagonized? Do we, who are the strongest, in reference to Red China and Soviet Russia, separately or together, need to be truculent in proportion to our strength? Was it necessary for us to intervene in Vietnam, and is it necessary for us to expand our aggression there and pose as the champions of freedom? A halfway rational and humane politics within, and a correspondingly decent foreign policy, might suffice to save us and the world from the holocaust. Instead, Johnson and McNamara have taken another step toward it.

The Smale Case

If scientists all over the country do not rage and burn over the National Science Foundation's action in the case of Prof. Stephen Smale of the University of California at Berkeley, they will regret it later. There may be some exceptions—scientists who have no political views whatsoever, and scientists whose views are safely conservative. Others have reason to be concerned and so have citizens who are not scientists but who believe in freedom of political expression for everyone.

Smale is regarded by mathematicians as one of the most brilliant members of their profession. In this evaluation the National Science Foundation concurs. He has been the recipient of a $91,500 grant for research in global analysis, which expires next March. Of this amount, Smale received $5,556 in summer salary in 1966 and 1967, and some traveling expenses. Smale and his colleagues have applied for a two-year $247,000 grant to continue the work on a larger scale, with eight

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or nine senior investigators to be assigned to the project. The amount is not at issue; thousands of such medium-size grants are made every year by NSF, other government agencies, and private foundations. The trouble is Smale himself. He is a political activist from way back. In high school he agitated against a ban on teaching evolution. Later he was involved in pro-Castro activities, he was co-chairman of the Vietnam Day Committee at Berkeley in 1965, and in 1966 he held a press conference on the steps of Moscow University in which he denounced American military intervention in Vietnam, Soviet suppression of the 1956 Hungarian uprising, suppression of freedom of expression in the Soviet Union, and the "new McCarthyism" in the United States. He also tried, unsuccessfully, to persuade the Mathematicians' Congress in Moscow to join him in condemning U.S. involvement in Vietnam.

A difficult fellow, obviously, and one who must keep the NSF administrators awake of nights. He acts as if ours were actually a free country.

NSF's position was made more difficult by Rep. Richard L. Roudebush (R., Ind.), a member of both the House Science and Astronautics Committee and the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Roudebush has been gunning for Smale for some time. "He's about as pink as they come," one of the Congressman's aides commented. A pink topologist furnishes a prime issue for a conservative Congressman who must run for election every two years.

The NSF solution was to complain that Smale was not a good administrator and that while they were convinced of the intrinsic merit of his research they would like the new grant to be split between one covering Smale's own research and another covering that of his colleagues. In any case Smale gets so little of the funds that his name could have been left off the application entirely. The university thought of handling the matter in this way, but Smale would not stand for it. "All scientists should be able to speak their minds on politics," he insisted. "I am still strongly against the [Vietnamese] war and I will continue to say so." There is no military aspect to the grant and Smale is deliberately making an issue of his case in order to get the scientific and intellectual community to oppose political intervention of this sort.

Smale's is not the first case of its kind. Last July, Prof. William Taylor, a highly regarded historian at the University of Wisconsin, was denied a place on a White House advisory panel and Dr. Donald F. Hornig, President Johnson's adviser on science and technology, confirmed that the sole objection to Taylor was his outspoken opposition to the Vietnamese War and the fear that Congressional ire would be aroused. Speaking at the dedication of the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center on September 9, Hornig emphasized that the government cannot deal with individual investigators and a "larger, more responsible role must be played by university administration." Smale is in general agreement with this approach. There are many universities and only one federal government. One university might be reactionary, another in the middle, another might be libertarian. There would be no single-line control and the example of the good universities would spur researchers at the bad ones to action.

In the meantime, the National Science Foundation has not covered itself with glory. *Science*, the weekly magazine of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, sums up the situation with its usual acuity: "Though Smale is no easy client for a federal agency in the politically rancid atmosphere that now prevails in Washington, NSF must still be accorded high marks for a tour de force in bureaucratic weaseling." If similar kicks are aimed at the NSF backside from other quarters, it may in the end redound to the benefit of the agency itself.

Short-Changing FAA

The critical comment on the effect of the Vietnamese War on domestic welfare programs has left the impression that the Johnson Administration and Congress are not greatly perturbed so long as the middle class continues to live high on the hog. This is not quite the case: some programs that do concern the invincibly affluent American are feeling the drain of the budget for Vietnam. One involves the request of the Federal Aviation Agency for funds to hire additional air controllers and build urgently needed control towers and radar installations. The amount at issue is about $100 million, or slightly more than the current cost of one day's fighting in Vietnam. In effect, the answer of the White House, the Budget Bureau and, so far, of the Congress, is that FAA can have the controllers *or* the additional facilities, but not both. This put the usually submissive agency on such a spot that, as reported by Evert Clark in *The New York Times* (September 18) it is fighting back publicly.

Fatal airline accidents this year are running at about the normal rate, with ten crashes in the first eight months and a loss of 217 lives, compared to a five-year average of 293 fatalities. However, general aviation (private and business flying) is growing by leaps and bounds, and near collisions are increasing proportionately. So far this year two mid-air collisions involving airliners have occurred. One, which killed Secretary-designate of the Navy John T. McNaughton and eighty-one others, could probably have been prevented if the Asheville-Henderson, N.C., airport had been equipped with radar.

None of this seems to concern the Administration greatly. What does concern it is that if the denial of the FAA request were to be followed by another major accident involving air traffic control, the safety issue "could be catapulted into a political controversy." It would seem preferable that safety should become controversial without another crash.

FAA's requests seem modest enough. Its regular budget totals $811 million which, by the yardstick of Vietnam, would pay for ten days of the war. This would enable FAA to add 648 controllers and 121 maintenance men to its current control staff of about 14,000. David D. Thomas, FAA's deputy administrator, says that this 5.5 per cent increase is only a third of what is needed. The deficiency will be made up, as in past years, by

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"asking each controller to work harder." Anyone who has observed air controllers at work during the evening or morning rush hours, and who flies as an airline passenger, would much prefer not to see them work harder.

Some idea of the way FAA's budget requests are handled can be gleaned from Clark's story, which obviously was not written without some help from the harassed FAA heads. First the Budget Bureau cut deeply into the proposed 1968 proposal, but Gen. William F. McKee, the agency's chief, protested to the President, and the Budget Bureau settled for a cut of only $70.2 million. The House then made cuts that would compel FAA to forgo twelve new control towers and six new radars. In the meantime, according to the summary published in the September 11 *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, in the first six months of 1967 passenger miles on the big domestic carriers increased by 17 per cent, local service by 22 per cent, and so on, while smaller aircraft continued doing their bit to keep the controllers from sleeping on the job.

As for the future, in June Sen. Mike Monroney cited an Air Transport Association estimate that by 1970 two-thirds of the airline fleets will have improved airborne equipment to provide better information for the controller automatically, but FAA will have only one-third of its ground facilities correspondingly equipped, so the new system will be only half as effective as it should be. Monroney also pointed out that forty-nine airports which now have no control towers meet the minimum FAA requirements for such facilities, and by next year the number will approximate 100—but there is no allowance for any new towers in the 1968 FAA budget. Apparently nothing is important but the number of enemy bodies the services can count in Vietnam.

Crises Come, Crises Go

How quickly "crises" subside! A nation is aroused by riots and watches in horror as the police, with or without the National Guard, battle mobs in the streets. While the shooting continues, leaders of the disaffected and leaders of the local Establishment confer, seeking a way out. With peace restored, however uneasily and temporarily, committees and commissions are appointed. Men of good will take counsel with one another. Then, gradually, the community slides back into the old ways. There may be some modest reforms, but hardly anyone expects that such changes will suffice to avert further carnage.

The sequence is much the same in international disturbances, although the casualties are greater. The Middle East is the current example. Soon it will be back in the same old rut. The sleeping dogs will be allowed to lie, although everyone knows that they will not be quiet long.

Even now, the United States is resuming its role in keeping the Middle East, with many other parts of the world, in a state of tension. There would be tension anyway, but our arms serve to heighten it and to make outbursts certain. When the relation between the Export-Import Bank and the Pentagon in arms procurement became public, even conservative citizens were alarmed. Now the whole business is relegated to the back pages of the newspapers, and on radio-TV it receives no mention at all. It is taken for granted as a necessity, nothing to get excited about.

On September 18, testimony given on July 17 by Paul H. Nitze, Deputy Secretary of Defense, before the House Banking Committee was finally adjudged safe for revelation. On behalf of the Pentagon and the Johnson Administration, Mr. Nitze stoutly defended the nation's role as arms supplier to the world. Arms sales, he said, benefited American labor and industry and generated favorable gold flow. He estimated that arms sales over the last five years had provided 1.4 million man-years of employment and $1 billion in "profits." He did not say that the bulk of the profits went to some sixteen major American companies, the same ones, in the main, that have profited from Vietnam.

Whether under this arrangement or some other, arms shipments to both sides in the Middle East are to be resumed. The U.S. Government has assured Israel that it will receive two squadrons of attack bombers. In accordance with its "even-handed" policy, the Johnson Administration will also make at least "symbolic" shipments to an Arab state, probably Jordan. For the time being, two squadrons of F-10 jet fighters will be withheld, since the Jordanian air force is incapable of flying them in its present state, but as soon as it recovers this embargo will presumably be relaxed.

What was said of the Bourbon monarchs is only half true of American policy in this respect. The Bourbons were said to learn nothing and forget nothing. In our arms distribution we learn nothing and forget everything.

One-Sided Candor

Denver

The new U.S. Freedom of Information Act, designed to provide news media with more access to governmental information, may also have opened up Pandora's box in the way of providing business with new weapons against government. The act hadn't been in effect twenty-four hours when two oil companies filed suit in Denver, de-

COMING SOON

William Eastlake, well known to our readers (see article p. 300), has sent *The Nation* a series of unforgettably vivid "close-ups" of men and scenes and incidents in the war in Vietnam. Here are the titles: "The Vietnam Dead," "The Death of Seven Zipperheads," "Lost in Vietnam," "The Last Man of an American Platoon," "Three Purple Hearts, Two Turtle Doves and an Ambush in a Flame Tree," and "Our Lord in Vietnam." Mr. Eastlake is the author of many books including that fine war novel, *Castle Keep*. He has been in Vietnam on assignment from *The Nation*. The series will start in an early issue. —*Editors*

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manding all information the government may have as to oil shale claims the companies are disputing with the U.S. Bureau of Land Management. The claims are on some 1,300 acres of government land which President Herbert Hoover withdrew from private entry in 1930. The two companies bought them up from the original claimants or their legatees.

They say that all relevant documents and information, including the findings and recommendations of bureau scientists and consultants throughout the years, must be made available to them under terms of the new act. The only exceptions allowed by the act are information that may bear on national security, or invade personal privacy.

Naturally, such access would bare the government's whole case to the claimants who have no obligation to provide equal access. The bureau has been holding hearings on the claims, but the whole matter may now go over until the federal courts rule. If the case sets a precedent for all situations in which business and government may find themselves legally opposed, it could become of national importance.

TEACHING TEACHERS

THE FREE UNIVERSITIES

RALPH KEYES
Mr. Keyes is studying at the London School of Economics and writes on education topics.

"An Investigation into Sex" is now offered at Dartmouth. "Analogues to the LSD Experience" can be studied at Penn. "Guerrilla Warfare" is being examined by DePauw students. Stanford undergraduates are studying "American Youth in Revolt," and "The Origins and Meaning of Black Power" is a course at Brooklyn College.

Has higher education finally caught up with the times? The colleges and universities themselves have not, but some of their members are trying to fill the gap with side shows. The above courses and hundreds like them are currently offered at student-organized "free universities" and "experimental colleges" on campuses across the country.

Bob Reich is one of the organizers. A short, ivy-leaguish senior, he is concerned about the quality and content of education at Dartmouth. Ten years ago Reich would have done little more than grumble discreetly about large lecture courses or grade-motivated learning. Five years ago he might have mustered up a minor demonstration. But in the winter of 1966, Reich, a top history student and former class president, simply gathered some colleagues around him and seceded.

"I had heard about student-organized experimental colleges at San Francisco State and Princeton," he recalls, "so I talked to a couple of guys, put a notice in the paper and held a meeting." Fifty people attended and out of it emerged the Dartmouth Experimental College (DEC). Fraternities, social clubs and dormitories agreed to organize courses.

The result was first presented to the community in the form of an elegantly printed catalogue. "When you're trying to explain a sex course to some townspeople, it sure helps to have a fancy catalogue," explains one DEC organizer. Listed were seventeen courses on such topics as "Man Faces Death," "The Development of Conservative Thought" and "Contemporary Marriage." Each course had an undergraduate coordinator who was responsible for writing a syllabus, constructing a reading list, and inviting speakers. "The emphasis of these courses will be on the desires and interests of the participants, rather than on the structures and requirements of an institution," reads the catalogue. "Innovation will be the rule; free give and take will be the method; a provocative educational experience will be the goal."

A massive publicity campaign then began. DEC organizers made radio and TV appearances, newspaper articles described the venture, and mailings were sent out—not only to Dartmouth students but to faculty, townspeople and girls at nearby Colby Junior College. Doubling the most optimistic prediction, 1,057 people applied for the first quarter's offerings. These included 585 Dartmouth students (about one-fifth of the student body); 230 townspeople; seventy faculty members; and 173 Colby girls. For a while, the Dartmouth Experimental College was the fourth largest college in New Hampshire. The dean of Dartmouth applied for a course, as did his two secretaries. (He missed the first class, but wrote the student coordinator asking for a "Dean's Excuse.") Since the seminars were to be kept small, only half the applicants could be accepted. Thirty-eight of seventy faculty members applying were admitted, and the Director of Admissions just missed being turned away.

"Great!" wrote in one student, "this has made Dartmouth meaningful." "It's wonderful to pursue a subject out of sheer interest and sans pressures of any kind," commented another. An older lady from town bubbled: "For so many years I've tried to get students into my home to talk. . . . This is the first time anything like this has happened and I'm so thrilled. . . . I'd do anything to keep it going." Even the Dean of Faculty endorsed the venture, saying soberly: "A healthy institution will work very hard to promote this kind of insurgence."

Dartmouth's experience is not unique. Banding together with faculty and townspeople, young academic seditionists have formed more than forty free universities and experimental colleges in the past two years.

Growing out of the civil rights "Freedom Schools" and Vietnam "Teach-ins," free universities began cropping up during 1965 in New York, Berkeley, Chicago, Detroit and Los Angeles. These early efforts were generally

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more militant than free and too often suffered from what Harvey Wheeler, a staff member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, called "a suffocating Marxist commitment." New Left groups, particularly Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), quickly picked up the idea and began to organize free universities. Michigan, Texas, Colorado, Ohio State, Florida, Wisconsin and Minnesota became nervous hosts to "counter-university" squatters.

But an interesting evolution soon began to occur in these academic fifth columns. If free university founders were often left-wing ideologues, many of the teachers and most of the students wanted simply to teach and learn in a free atmosphere. The anti-establishmentarians were soon faced with the choice of trying to whip their creations into line, allowing them to go their own way, or simply letting them die.

The Free University of Pennsylvania (FUP), an early venture, founded in the winter of 1966 by the local SDS chapter, ran into this problem: "When we first started discussing having a free university we expected 100 to 150 to get involved at most," recalls Bob Brand, a stocky, garrulous SDS senior in economics. "We had thirty to forty courses planned and were really worried about how to explain a poor sign-up to the teachers of the courses." "But," marvels a girl who was involved in registration, "all these 'straight' people came out of the woodwork to get involved, people you never would have expected to sign up for something like this." In the end, about 750 people enrolled, and ten new seminars had to be organized on the spot to handle the overflow. It soon became obvious that the Free University of Pennsylvania had gone beyond its SDS roots, and the parent weaned its child because, as an SDS spokesman admitted, "it had outgrown us."

One of the most successful efforts of its kind, FUP has enrolled more than 700 students for forty to fifty courses in each of its three semesters, many participants coming from the surrounding community. Free University officials estimate that students or teachers from twenty-eight Philadelphia institutions other than Penn are involved.

Enthusiasm for Penn's Free University is generally high. Sophomore Rich Feigenberg took an FUP course because "in the regular university there are too many requirements, few electives allowed, and even these you have to fit into your schedule." Freshman Mary Knutch attended the FUP seminar on Contemporary Issues because "after two semesters at Penn I found that I had forgotten how to talk." Tom Knox, a junior, found that in the "New Left Ideologies" class, "you get a good discussion inasmuch as nobody feels like the professor is trying to make a point."

Penn's administration is less sanguine about this pearl in its shell. A point of friction has been the question of whether outsiders should be allowed to use the university facilities "for free." Though the students have won grudging consent on this issue, the dean's office points out that the Free University has yet to supply the reports and statistics that were promised in return. "There doesn't seem to be much planning," concludes Dean of Women Alice Emerson. Her complaint is well grounded. In its quest for freedom the Free University of Pennsylvania has created a bureaucratic structure so ill defined that work tends to fall upon whoever will do it—usually the hard-working coordinator Steve Kuromiya, a senior in architecture.

This type of problem caused three FUP Coordinating Committee members to write a public letter last year contending: "The Free University is in trouble. . . . The majority of courses are ill attended, the creative thought has been at a minimum in many courses, the minimal office work required has not been done, and that which has was done by a few people." The letter caused a flurry of controversy. A large public meeting was held to discuss the issue and many volunteers came forward.

But from beneath this crisis a more interesting and subtle kind of disagreement came to light. The worriers came from the original SDS crew who had started the Free University. Their conception of what it should be was expressed by Bob Brand who says: "The way I wanted it to go was to have people asking the basic questions about their disciplines." This, he admits, is "basically a very conservative academic position." But Brand's constituency is small. The new hero of today's Free University at Penn is Ira Einhorn, a thirtyish, long-haired, bearded, "Be-in" organizer. Einhorn, who wears a daffodil behind one ear, graduated from Penn ten years ago, and has been moving in beat and hip subcultures ever since. Last term he taught two courses in the Free University: Analogues to the LSD Experience" and "The World of Marshall McLuhan."

"Kids are learning more wandering around cities and on TV than in the universities," says Einhorn in explaining his approach to education. "I like to move around and you need more mobile classrooms. My classroom is just an extension of myself. It's the same kind of thing that happened in the Be-in. After living in the insane asylum you've got to get sane yourself."

Einhorn rambles, darting wildly from subject to subject. He is obviously intelligent and well read. His McLuhan course syllabus ("subject to change as I grow into the course or it grows into me") recommends thirty-six books, from Nietzsche to Goodman, and Roethke to Ginsberg. His teaching tools ranged from candles and incense to rock 'n' roll and free-word association. Einhorn's courses are easily the most popular in the Free University. "LSD" had an enrollment of more than 100, and "McLuhan" actually *rose* in participation from sixty to seventy-five, more people attending the last class than the room would hold.

"Old New Leftists" like Bob Brand are basically concerned with the limitations of course *content* in existing institutions, and want to create a setting where people can study society in a rigorous way. Leftism and pedagogy are hardly inconsistent. The new breed of insurgent looks to a hipper, freer, "celebration" form of learning. To them method and content cannot be separated because freedom, opening up, living and loving are themselves the goals. Randomness can only help that process, as surely as a junior bureaucracy will hinder it. As the

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hippies ascend, the "Be-in" and the free university become more and more indistinguishable.

Similar disputes have occurred at San Francisco State's Experimental College. Senior English major Cynthia Carlson brought some freshmen together there in the fall of 1965 to discuss and critically examine their education. By spring, twenty-one seminars had grown up, organized by students and loosely grouped under the heading of "The Experimental College" (EC). More than 350 students were involved as participants, as well as twenty-five student seminar organizers and thirty faculty members who donated time as advisers.

Although influenced by the free university movement, the students at State aimed at special goals from the start. They deliberately avoided getting stuck in a posture of self-conscious militancy, preferring instead to "build a model," a positive alternative that would parallel the existing college. "Creative tension" was to exist between the two, said Jim Nixon, 25-year-old graduate student in philosophy who coordinated the original effort. "If you can get the sense of what you want to build," he explained, "then you can go to the college, take what is useful in it and avoid hostilities."

State's venture quickly mushroomed. Seventy courses were set up in the fall of 1966 for some 1,200 registrants. The national news media began to take notice of this "quiet revolution" just across the bay from Berkeley. Nixon, a persuasive and extremely bright leader, ran for president of State's Associated Students on a pro-EC platform and won overwhelmingly. The future sparkled and the EC's fall catalogue declared:

> The idea is that students ought to take responsibility for their own education. The assertion is that you can start learning anywhere, as long as you really care about the problem you tackle and how well you tackle it. The method is one which asks you to learn how you learn, so you can set the highest conceptual standards of accomplishment for yourself. The assumption is that you are capable of making an open-ended contract with yourself to do some learning, and capable of playing a major role in evaluating your own performance. The claim is that if people, students, faculty and administrators work with each other in these ways, the finest quality education will occur.

In its first year and a half, the Experimental College has had a tempestuous history. At best it has provided an open creative learning situation, spiced by a heavy dose of West Coast *avant-gardism*. A course in "Competition and Violence" had participants study conflict by learning and practicing judo, speaking to one another about their reactions while they fought. The "Involvement Theatre Workshop" was "an attempt to create a genre of theatre in which the audience is involved to the greatest extent possible—perplexed, threatened and ultimately seduced into intellectual, emotional and physical participation in the action." Last year, EC sponsored a thirty-six-hour, 6,000-person light show, rock and soul, "sensory awakening happening" called "Whatever It Is."

Problems soon confronted the EC. State's newspaper, *The Daily Gater*, sniped regularly at the "Other College." Wrote city editor Phil Garlington: "The Other College, in truth, is quite harmless, for the most part a playschool for the S.F. State hippie element." Former chairman of the faculty, Dr. Richard Axen, commented that "Any professor who teaches in the Experimental College loses respectability within his department." When a *Newsweek* article lauding the Experimental College hit the stands, several faculty members reportedly called on the vice president for academic affairs to ask who was running the college—the president or Jim Nixon.

Harder to combat than external debunking has been perpetual strife within the "parallel college." EC's key debate centered around the question of planning versus spontaneity. As at Penn, the question of what *type* of learning is best receives constant attention. Former coordinator Cynthia Carlson Nixon, Jim's wife, has consistently pushed for greater structure and rigorous learning. She worries that students who cut their teeth on the Experimental College may reject "the beautiful, great thoughts of the ages," and confuse real learning with simple fun. Before resigning as coordinator, she reported hopefully: "Kids might have tried a course for a couple of semesters and found they were screwing up, not attaining what they wanted, and had to figure out how to do it. Now, they're having to make an investment of time and energy. They can't just bop in saying, 'teach me, and make it fun.'" Graduate student Floyd Turner, who has been studying the Experimental College, compared what he finds there to "the traditional problem that students faced when they got to Oxford. It often takes them a year to adjust to the shock of being responsible for their own learning."

But harder times now face EC. Their gadfly critic, Phil Garlington, was recently elected president of the associate students against an EC-backed slate. Internal dissension has left its toll in disunity. The original leadership has left the campus, and a hipper breed of student is in charge. Academic credit problems have created ill will, and after a year and a half the faculty is increasingly resistant to Experimental College demands and encroachment.

Staters who have been involved in the Experimental College for any length of time feel generally discouraged. But one wonders how they could possibly see the venture as in any way a failure. San Francisco State itself, in large part because of prodding from the Experimental College, now offers experimental courses which a faculty member can create for a trial semester, with only departmental approval. It has a much loosened general education program, with a student-faculty committee working to revise it still more. It is considering a Work-Study degree program, growing in part out of the Urban Communities and Change Area of the Experimental College. And when one considers the thousands of State students who were stimulated by direct or indirect contact with the EC to question the roots of their education, failure seems hardly the term.

It is risky to generalize about the scores of free universities and experimental colleges, since their diversity is at least as great as their similarity. Stanford's aggressively anti-establishment "Experiment" bears lit-

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tle resemblance to Dartmouth's low-key Experimental College. "Valley Centre" students (from Smith, Mount Holyoke, the University of Massachusetts and Amherst) happily rented a house for their venture, but FUPers wouldn't hear of such a thing. ("Too many ties, less freedom," contends coordinator Kuromiya. "The way we do it all you need is a few leaflets.") On the other hand, while Penn students gladly use university facilities, DEC organizers refuse to jeopardize their autonomy, preferring to meet in clubrooms and fraternities. The EC at San Francisco State relies on student teachers, while Ohio State's Free University uses only professors. At Penn and San Francisco State new teaching methods are eagerly being sought, but Dartmouth organizers have been content to rely on a standard seminar format. Students at Stanford and State can seek degree credit for their extracurricular learning, but the FUP and DEC want no such entanglement.

Despite this diversity some common aspects can be found and evaluated. These include:

Creating a new learning environment. Particularly in the multiversities where huge lecture classes are the rule, there is no doubt that the free universities and experimental colleges have responded to massive frustration with the existing learning environment. "The Free University did seem to fill a need students feel for small group discussion of intellectual matters," concedes Penn Dean Emerson. "It was the only chance I got to talk," says a Penn freshman of her FUP class.

Of course this informal atmosphere is not without its price. Extensive reading for a free university course is rare and discussions of the "bull-session" variety are all too frequent. Dartmouth English Prof. Alan Gaylord, who took the DEC course on J. R. R. Tolkien, laments: "If learning involves more than just an exchange of opinion, includes real digging, then I think there's a real question about the value of our course. Superficial discussion has value up to a point, but there are so many decisions about what to do with one's time that this rapidly loses value."

Focusing learning on more relevant, interesting and integrated subjects. If nothing else, the subjects studied in student-run colleges are more contemporary and lively than those taught in normal institutions. They must be to attract and hold an audience.

One of the DEC courses last term was on the Cuban Revolution. Freshman Camilo Garzón, the son of a Colombian military officer, eagerly enrolled. Asked if he had learned anything in the short time the class had been meeting, he replied, "Oh, yes, I learned for example that Castro had changed his mind about Marxism during the revolution. I hadn't known that and got a better view of Castro." He found that the most exciting thing was the debate between two anti-Fidel Cuban refugees and the Castro supporters in the class.

One enterprising 18-year-old junior science student at Dartmouth wanted to organize a course on Immanuel Velikovsky, a scientific heretic who has constructed an elaborate historical hypothesis of cataclysmic world development. Realizing that his subject was esoteric, the student, Ron Silverman, posted signs around campus reading, "WHO IS IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY?" These were followed a few days later by posters asking "WHERE IS IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY?" and later still "WHAT DOES IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY SAY?" and "WHAT DOES IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY DO?" "Who *is* Immanuel Velikovsky?" soon became a form of friendly greeting around Dartmouth, and when the first Experimental College catalogue appeared, sure enough, there was a course entitled, "The Works of Immanuel Velikovsky." Its description began, "In response to the current wave of interest in the theories of Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky. . . ."

About fifteen students and seven professors from different fields involved themselves in this course, the climax of which was a visit by Velikovsky himself. Word that he was coming spread as far as Ambassador College in Pasadena, where the dean sent money to tape the sessions and came across country himself for the two days. By most reports this was one of the most

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diverse and intensive grillings Velikovsky had ever received (he was eager to come for that reason), and he defended himself so limply that the few students who had started out in any way "believers" ended up as skeptics. "But," reports Silverman, "in order to understand Velikovsky we had to study so many side issues—Egyptian history, Biblical studies, geology, physics, astronomy, etc.—that this in itself was of great value." The class shared his enthusiasm, and the professors were delighted at the opportunity to get together with colleagues in other fields. Recently, letters have come from the *Saturday Review* and from as far away as Holland, asking for transcripts of the taped class sessions.

Although the sparkle and relevance of student-organized courses can be impressive, one wonders about their lasting value. Is the diligent student teacher at Dartmouth's course on "Gambling in the United States" really serving a useful function? "People will gamble," he explains, "and I might as well make them better at it."

Improved student-faculty relations. At best these ventures can fulfill a City College student's dream that a professor will "sit down, take off his tie, you'll call him Harry and he'll call you Mickey and you'll discuss physics together." Some have come close.

At Pennsylvania they tell of a psychology professor who had a reputation as a sort of "bad guy"—a tough, sour teacher. He had generally taught huge lecture courses which he hated. Lots of cheating went on, and there was little opportunity for personal contact. When the Free University first started he wrote a letter to the *Daily Pennsylvanian* offering to teach a course on "Pride." "We thought it was a put-on," recalls an FUP organizer, "but we called him and found out he was serious." Twenty people signed up for the course and most finished it. The Free University later got a letter from the professor saying how much he loved teaching it, having been able to relate to his students on a good intellectual and personal level. "I really dug that, since I had heard for so long that he was a bastard," marvels the FUP functionary.

But too often the traditional inhibitions of student-faculty relationships are not so easily broken down. History of Science instructor, David Kubrin, who took the Dartmouth Velikovsky course, expressed disappointment that the DEC had not achieved a "community of scholars." "I'm still referred to as 'sir,' " he notes sardonically. A Penn student tells of attending an FUP seminar held at a friend's apartment. Even there, he reported, the professor sat apart from the students, who directed all discussion at him. "They just couldn't break down old barriers," laments the visitor, "so I went for the punch to break down my own barriers."

Broadening the pool of teachers. Student-run educational experiments commonly involve as teachers people hardly acceptable to existing institutions. The most successful course at DePauw's Free University, on guerrilla warfare, was taught by an Air Force major. He enrolled several girls, a few professors, and had to divide his class in two sections to accommodate the overflow. In another vein, the Pre-University at the University of Wisconsin (Milwaukee) brought in the past state Communist Party chairman to teach Marxism, causing acute pain to some state legislators.

Lawyers, businessmen, housewives, writers, political activists—even a gardener (at SF State) and a Goldwater adviser (at Penn) have been considered qualified to teach free university-experimental college courses.

At San Francisco State the students hired social critic Paul Goodman to be "their professor" for a semester last year. The experience was less productive than it should have been because neither Goodman nor his students could figure out exactly what he was there to do. "Goodman's used to attacking his employers," observed one Stater more drolly, "but when students were in that role he kept maneuvering around but could never figure out a good posture from which to do that."

Broadening the pool of students. At the larger ventures such as Seattle, Penn and Dartmouth a number of the students consist of townspeople. Ira Einhorn was pleased to find that more than half the sixty-odd students in his McLuhan course were past 35. "All colleges must attract over-35s and bring them back to school," he argues with conviction. "The young hippies are so alienated from older people that they can't even talk to them. The over-35s can't understand how you can operate without a program like we do today. I'd tell them that my only program is what I'm doing at any given time. I don't think I got them to agreeing on much, but at least I got them in touch with one another."

FUP's open-door policy had one curious result for Einhorn when twelve right wingers showed up for three consecutive classes of his LSD course, the last time armed with cameras. One of them, a fundamentalist girl, became enraged when they started discussing the religious aspects of LSD. Asked if this didn't cramp his style, Einhorn replied off-handedly: "No. My policy is maximum jeopardy at all times."

At Dartmouth, junior Bob DuPuy had several townspeople in his course on "The Adolescent Subculture." "They enjoyed it and had as much to say as anyone," he reports, adding: "On the whole, in fact, they were more serious than the students. One older guy, a newspaper editor, used to drive 60 miles for every class, and do a lot of extra reading. I once asked him why he was taking the class and he replied, 'I've got several teenagers working for me, and I'm trying to learn how to get blood out of a stone.' "

A recent session of the DEC seminar on "Poverty in America" met in the easy chairs of the Union Lounge to listen to a community worker from rural Vermont. After the class, a young student nurse said she had read Michael Harrington's *The Other America* and was enjoying the course very much because it was teaching her how much poverty actually existed in this country. A soldier stationed nearby said he was there because "I'm against the poverty program, so I came to see what all the do-gooders are up to." Two high school girls reported they liked the seminar but didn't find the level of discussion any higher than in their high school. An older architect, a Dartmouth graduate, was taking the course with his wife and found it a welcome change from what he had known, because, "it puts the burden upon the individual."

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Developing new subjects and teaching methods. If nothing else, free universities and experimental colleges have developed some strikingly creative courses and approaches to teaching. Almost every venture offers a few courses like "Bob Dylan and Other Folk as Contemporary Theologians" (Seattle), "The Philosophical Ramifications of Modern Drama: Or What in the Hell are We Doing in South Vietnam?" (Ohio State), or "The Biblical Roots of American Democracy" (Penn). The Free University of DeKalb (Illinois) offers not only "Eclectic Ecstasy" but an "Eclectic Ecstasy Laboratory."

Some ventures have made vigorous efforts to develop new teaching methods. Lawrence Lipton, teaching a course on "West Coast Avant-Garde Literature" at the Free University of California (Los Angeles), attempted a "reintegration of the arts in a workshop manner." In this "Teach-out" he employed tapes of poetry, films, a jazz combo and a "phono montage" of radio and TV commercials, football games and evangelical speeches.

At Penn, Ira Einhorn has been eager to come up with new approaches. "The first LSD class was in a huge lecture hall with lots of people, so I tried to break this down by turning out the lights and passing out candles and incense. This brought people closer together, made it more like a gathering, made people more conscious of one another's voices because they couldn't see faces. Then another time I spent a whole class period on four words—just put them on the board and let people free associate. I did a body eruption session using (Wilhelm) Reich, then a two and a half hour rock 'n' roll session and the next class gave a lecture on schizophrenia."

Though most free universities or experimental colleges have one or a few wild courses like this, the more striking fact is how conventional most of them are, in teaching approach if not course subject. "We need more daring people," complains instructor Paul Dorpat of Seattle's Free University. But too many participants feel like the Penn student who endorsed the lecture system used in his FUP course saying: "If somebody knows more about a subject than I, I expect him to lecture."

In Mike Vozick's experimental Biology I course at San Francisco State, the students quickly became dissatisfied with the random reports they were giving one another and decided that all future presentations should deal with cells. His students ended up taking the regular Biology Department exams as well as attending some of the laboratory sessions and lectures. "We're developing into a regular Biology I course," explains Vozick cheerfully. "The only difference is kids are learning because they want to, not because they have to."

If nothing else, these students' creations, by their very existence, constitute a damning critique of existing colleges and universities. That some faculty, administrators and townspeople are willing to involve themselves in the ventures indicates that the sentiment goes beyond mere youthful exuberance.

Political scientist Andrew Hacker, in a recent article on college presidents, noted that they often "prefer to work with the foundation-sponsored and government-underwritten programs that are rising parallel to the conventional curriculum. . . . For it is at this margin that a president has his freest hand, in new territory where he does not face the barricades of departmental baronies." Cannot something of the same motivation be ascribed to free university and experimental college founders?

What better way is there to reform outmoded structures than to create a better model at the side? Of course this involves much more than most initial enthusiasts realize. It calls on them to debate issues of education. How do you learn? What should you learn? Who is qualified to teach? How do you create the best educational environment? Even if the practical pressures of running their own learning communities serve only to give these seditionists greater sympathy for the centuries-old dilemmas of education, the experiments might justify their existence.

But more than recognition of difficulties is occurring. The free universities and experimental college may be serving all higher education by having the gall to deal with the old problems in daring ways. They are discovering what it is that people really want to learn about, and are trying to create an environment in which this can be done. For every course that dies another will attract and hold an audience. Since the free curriculum must renew itself each semester, it can constantly question the validity of any course or field of learning. Their faculty failures are matched by the discovery of "born teachers." If too many classes rely on conventional methods, a few create and test exciting new approaches.

More than a century ago, American higher education was bogged down in the pious and anti-intellectual irrelevancy of its religious origins. Students then, as today, grew quickly frustrated and created their own literary and debating societies to examine more relevant issues. They discussed the topics of the day, invited stimulating speakers and developed libraries (in many cases overshadowing those of the regular institution). For decades, most college students belonged to these societies, which were their major source of intellectual stimulation. Finally, after the Civil War, the colleges and universities reformed themselves to the extent that the student societies were no longer essential, and they slowly died out. Historian of education, Frederick Rudolph, attributes this wave of change to the pressure of example exerted by the lively undergraduates. "What is remarkably instructive about what they did is how much more effective they were than the would-be reformers in the ranks of the presidents and professors."

Is a similar process beginning today? Some slight evidence can be detected. Many of the recent reforms in San Francisco State's system can be directly traced to the ferment of the Experimental College. A faculty committee at Dartmouth is trying to develop more experimental opportunities in the curriculum, and Dean Thaddeus Seymour says: "There's no doubt this is directly related to the success of the Experimental College." In a clear response to the challenge of the Free University, Penn this year offered for the first time eight wildly successful noncredit seminars conducted by top faculty members.

Perhaps the highest function of the student educators will be to work themselves out of a job.

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CLEANING UP JUAREZ

THE VIEW FROM PANCHO'S VILLA

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake is the author, among other books of The Bronc People *(Harcourt Brace) and* Castle Keep *(Simon & Schuster).*

Cuba, N. M.

Las paracaidistas, the parachutists, bivouacked on the brown hills of Juarez, Mexico—not an army at war, nor an army at peace either, but an army without an enemy, as though they had occupied the terrain by default and would relinquish it tomorrow by resignation. Their clotheslines streamed bright flags of rags, forlorn and emblematic of the army of the poor that they were, portentous of a threat they could become.

Las paracaidistas, that word the migratory poor are called in Mexico, the parachutists, descend on the border towns of Mexico trying to find work. They have descended on Juarez, Mexico, across the Rio Grande from El Paso, Tex. They have surrounded Juarez with a ring of mud *colonías* without water, roads, sewer, electricity, gas, God, hope, work, love, friends. But from Pancho's villa, from the dry and much hotter than hell hill that *las paracaidistas* have conquered, you have an excellent view of the United States of America.

From Pancho's villa, you can see, too, the rich of Mexico, their houses in Panama Canal Modern, surrounded by barbed wire, dogs, watchmen, soldiers, policemen, troops of friends in high places, successful bullfighters, cars with U.S. license plates, heart-shaped swimming pools brimming with champagne, filled with mistresses—.

"And, Señor . . . "

"Yes?"

"*Hay mucho mas. Mucho* more. Much worse."

"What about the Rehabilitation Program? The *PRONAF*—the Programa Nacional de Reforma Fronteriza?"

Pancho called out everyone from his villa and from all the other mud huts. The señor who lived alongside Pancho's villa said, "I cannot believe that anyone could ask a question so *estupido.*"

"In other words the reform program to clean up the border, to find work for you parachutists, is not working?"

"Si, Señor."

"Are you hungry?"

"Si, Señor."

"Are you ready to commence another revolution, Pancho?"

"Si, Señor."

"Or are you just agreeing with everything I say?"

"Si, Señor."

"I have come all the way from *Los Estados Unidos* to ask you about this border reform."

Pancho thought about the great distance I must have come, maybe from the outskirts of El Paso, and said: "Okay, I will have one tequila." Then he looked past me, and through me, at his villa, his quiet mud villa, and said slowly and with *dignidad,* "they call us *las paracaidistas* here in Juarez because we descend on them in the night, surround them with our mud forts of poverty, and cannot be removed. We are *campesinos* without land, the landless ones. There may be 100,000 of us, 200,000, here in Juarez. No one knows. Many of us, such as I, were *braceros* who worked in the *Estados Unidos*, but that has been stopped. It was so simple for you to stop it, but now there are those who are hungry, such as I. And do not blame the people of Juarez, such as them. They did not ask to be invaded by *paracaidistas* such as we."

"What about the *PRONAF?*" I said. "The beautiful, expensive new buildings, the *muséo,* the Camino Real Hotel at 200 pesos a night, the clothes at 2 million pesos a look, the emerald-studded shops, and the golden doors opening onto concrete highways past Pancho's fallen villa all the way to the Olympic Games?"

"*Es un otro mundo.* It is another world, *Señor.* That is the world of the Programa Rehabilitación. It is a world I never see. It is a world I cannot see, feel or touch. It is the world of somebody else. It is the world of not such as I. *Oiga,* Señor," and Pancho touched me, "*Oiga.*" It was a light touch, not only a contact but a remonstrance and a reminder that he was there, that the invisible ones were palpable and alive, the observers and the victims.

Two years ago, when President Gustavo Diaz became President of Mexico, a reform program was announced to change the Mexican border-town image, the image of corruption, a gaudy, neon, forlorn, falling-down, wild pandemonium of inertia and optimistic despair. This reform program has recently been stepped up because the Olympic games are to be held in Mexico City soon and the border towns will be the gateway to Mexico City. A great deal of traffic will pass through Juarez, America's Sodom and Mexico's Gomorrah.

How much money has been spent so far on the rehabilitation of the border and where has it gone? It is impossible to get exact figures because the money comes from many sources, some local, some federal, some private enterprise. But the effect is overpowering, startling and grand. Across the bright new International Bridge you enter a brand-new border town, resplendent with a huge Aztec style Bellas Artes building where the government is making a genuine effort to sell the best crafts of the interior. There is the towering Agricultural Building within a complex of other government buildings, and a new dazzling hotel, the Camino Real. The main highway to Mexico City winds through this grandeur and off you go with the impression that the reforms are successful and all-pervading.

There is also a program of border morality and social reform. This has meant so far that girls are forbidden to work in bars and that there is a curfew on bars, but only the bars in the working-class section. So far no money

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has been spent on public housing, and so far, outside of the regal tourist entrance area, the town appears the same Juarez that I came through three years ago going into the interior, the heart of a beautiful country, a beautiful people, and the same town that Lopez Mateo, *el ex-president de Mejico,* lost sleep over three years ago. But I want to know more. I must inquire further about this new border rehabilitation program, first among sympathetic people in El Paso.

"As I said," the American doctor said, "the death rate in Juarez is phenomenal—but then the birth rate in Juarez is phenomenal too."

"The church is cynical about this," the priest from Juarez said.

We were sitting in a patio on the El Paso side of the border where the middle-class hills of America confront the hills of poverty across the Rio Grande.

"Yes," the Juarez priest said. "Certainly the church is responsible for the *paracaidistas*. If we did not encourage their breeding there wouldn't be so many."

"Come, come."

"Mexico has the highest birth rate in the world," the

priest said. "Mexico, like Cuba, will not be saved by a *caudillo maximo* but by a condom."

"How can you talk like this?"

"Because it is true," the priest said. "That is what this man came here for, isn't it—the truth?"

"You will notice," the doctor said, "that the Juarez papers attribute the high infant death rate among the *paracaidistas* to dehydration."

"Of course," the Mexican priest said. "That is their euphemism for starvation."

"No," the American doctor said to the priest. "The Juarez newspapers are correct. You are wrong. Allow me my area of competence."

"Con Dios," the priest said, allowing the doctor to proceed with a motion of his hand.

"In the *colonias* of Juarez where the *paracaidistas* have descended, there are no sewage facilities and their drinking water is being drawn from a shallow water table. This is a classic condition of most Mexican towns on the Rio Grande. It gives the American tourist what we call the Aztec's Revenge, a form of paratyphoid called dysentery, accompanied by a general malaise. There is a fluid loss of several litres. In the infant *paracaidistas,* born poorly, that dehydration is accompanied by death."

"Tell him about the gonorrhea," the priest said.

"We believe," the doctor said, "we have isolated a unique variety on the border, one that actually sets up a rattle, a clapping, in the urethra of the victim. The literature is quite minimal now, but the journals are interested. We are all quite excited about it."

"Tell him about another area of your competence," the priest said. "The red-light district."

"That is an area of knowledge he is competent to acquire at first hand."

Two more of my informers entered the patio and we all looked across the Rio Grande at the mud mounds of our subject, the Mexican hills of the *paracaidistas.*

"What I resent," the Mexican-American arrival said, "is this: you see, I look Anglo. When I meet somebody for the first time and afterwards they call my house, my mother doesn't speak English and they tell me they spoke to the maid. I hate that. What I enjoy—what I enjoy and I know I shouldn't, is hearing of some Anglo, some *tejano,* some Texan, getting rolled in Juarez. And I know I shouldn't," the Mexican-American said, his voice alive in ecstasy. "I know I shouldn't."

"That's right," the priest said. "You shouldn't."

"What I enjoy," my other new informant began. He worked for the Poverty Program in El Paso. "What I enjoy . . . "

"He is not interested in what you enjoy," the doctor said. "He is interested in the Border Rehabilitation Program, the new Mexican image, the beautiful and well-architected buildings on the Mexican side of the new bridge, the laws closing down the bars at midnight in the poor sections, and the law forbidding women to work in bars, and something about the fact that although there is a law against everything in Texas the Texan goes to Mexico to break somebody else's."

"About laws," the American Poverty man said, "although Americans don't know it, the Juarez Mexican spends a lot of money in El Paso on clothes and food that he believes are cheaper and better in El Paso, money that could be spent on rehabilitation in Mexico. Americans don't realize what a blow the new American law was to Mexico, the one allowing the U.S. tourist to bring back only $100 worth of goods, duty free. Why, the Mexican border family spends five times that much over here every year. Also remember that the problem of Juarez is the problem of Mexico. Remember, those parachutists took off from the interior. The federal government of Mexico is trying to rehabilitate the states of Chiapas, Guerrero, Guadalajara, all the states where the *paracaidistas* take off. The Mexicans realize they must rehabilitate the border by rehabilitating the interior."

"That is what the *alcalde,* the Mayor, of Juarez told me," I said.

"Tell him about the dichotomy," the priest said.

"You mean about the thousands of Juarez people who work in El Paso, those who work in the clothing factories —that's cheap labor—and then those Mexicans that work as maids here. These maids have their own maids in Mexico. Maybe they make $15 a week here in El Paso and pay 60 pesos, that's $5 a week to their own maid in

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Juarez. Then there are the *hungaros*. The Mexicans call the gypsies *hungaros,* those that slip across the border to repair or buy or steal air conditioners. They will do the same with a bicycle or a baby carriage or a locomotive. Then there are the women who slip across in such a great, late condition that the American hospitals cannot refuse them, so that their baby is an American citizen like George Washington whose parents were not American either."

"No, tell him about the dichotomy," the priest said.

"It's more schizoid actually," the doctor said.

"Then it's your area of competence," the priest said to the doctor.

"Hell," the doctor said to the Mexican-American. "Go ahead."

"You mean the resentment, the schizophrenic intolerance of the Mexican national for the Americanized Mexican, based on the imagined or real arrogance, the patronizing air of the Mexican who has become an American citizen? They will abuse the Mexican-Americans, *los pochos,* every chance they can and arrest him in Mexico for the slightest traffic infraction. The Mexican-American too has a fear of the Mexican, an irrational need not to identify with him, like the middle-class black in the United States. He has made it up the ladder and he will not be pulled down by his own helping hand. Is that right?" the Poverty man said to the doctor.

"I will let it go," the doctor said.

"No one has told him," the Mexican priest said, "about certain things."

"As I said," the doctor said, "that is everyone's area of competence."

The area of everyone's competence begins with one drink at El Submarino, "The Eldest Bar in Mexico," where you meet Colonel Duranquense who conducts you through the potholes of the 15 Septiembre till you get to Las Noches de Oro. The master of ceremonies there, an Indian from Xolotl, introduces the "Young Virgins" who entertain. They are colleagues of his from Netzahaulcoyotl and Netzhualpilli. It is a strip tease. It is like watching the very poor undress—embarrassing.

"Of the drink you have not had enough," Duranquense tells me. A shock absorber, lost in the potholes of the Fifteenth of September, flies through the door of the Noches de Oro and the virgin from Atzayalcoatl, who is naked on stage, picks it up and takes it into the kitchen to see what it will do.

"At the moment of any," Duranquense tells me, "the *ferrocarril* through here will come."

"You mean the train runs through the Nights of Gold?"

"Of drinking you sufficiently have not had," Duranquense said. Señor Duranquense, before becoming whatever he was, had been a chemist at the Jose Cuervo factory in Tequila and aide-de-camp to Emiliano Zapato. Then there was something about being discovered by Adolfo Lopez Mateo and then something about political assassins and then something about starting life all over again at El Submarino, I did not take notes, and then something about *norteamericanos* that "I iove particular of the place that you come."

"Of the place that I come is *cerca de* Albuquerque."

"Como no?" Duranquense said. "And why har you come?"

"To discover the rehabilitation of the border."

Duranquense embraced me like a lost chicken. "The rehabilitation you I will show, hand first." Señor Duranquense called a taxi and while they put on the wheels we bid adieu to the Señoritas Tizoc and Tlaloc Tonatzin.

"That's right to take notes," Señor Duranquense said. "Then Juarez can puts its forward foot best."

The taxi driver handed us his prison record, but they did not have any of those convict pictures they have in the back of American cabs.

"Of drinking you have had a sufficient now," Duranquense said, "to be understood with properly—understood? Understand?"

"Yes."

"To be understanded it must be *visto*—seen. It must be saw—seen, through the wrong end of the tequila bottle."

Juarez bleared up through the twisted windshield. Reinforcements were being rushed to the Fraccionamiento Aeropuerto through the explosions of neon and the artillery of broken glass, the shell holes of the Avenida Juarez, the mortar boom of collapsing trucks and the fire of light from the Cervecería Cruz Blanca. We made it all the way to the Hipodromo where we were detoured by the *policía militaria* around a new building that had collapsed from overstrain. We had to wait at the Acequía del Pueblo for a delegation to pass on its way to thank the *alcalde* for being born, then past the Second of April to the Fifteenth of March on the Avenida de los Insurgentes, until the Twentieth of November and the Avenida Vicente Guerrero, which can easily be confused by an *extranjero* because it shares the same hole as the Avenida José Borunda. There was a flagging mass—a mass of flags, celebrating the *rehabilitatión ultimo,* then the taxi swam the Avenida Ignacio de la Peña where it sprang a leak under the rear thwart on which we were sitting. When we burst on the *centro commercial* and at last in front of the Escuela de Agricultura, we paid a man for the car wash.

"Everyone is making it through tonight, Señor. Can I sell you a motor for your engine?"

Now we were at the Casa de las Virgenes where the rehabilitation of the border particularly had down clamped, and you had to enter through an underground garage, got in an elevator, and so went up the front stairs and entered a room that was sprinkled with spattered glass and swollen mirrors which gave the effect of Versailles the day after the Revolution. The girls were sitting around in sundry no costumes. Here is where you saw the full effect, *el efecto ultimo,* of the cleanup border.

"You see, Señor," Señor Duranquense told me, "a nice, a clean, a nice clean place. Clean nice girls. Shot through every Thursday with *penicillino,* clean everything. When I was young once every Thursday I came, but now everything is different. It is all up cleaned. I will introduce to you here, to Señorita Ronquilla Revilligedo."

We ordered a tequila that was brought in a Foremost milk carton.

"Everything up cleaned, Señor," and Señorita Ronquilla Revilligedo told me the story of her life, which was

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from Programa Reforma Diez, Reform Program Ten, to Programa Reforma Ochenta y dos, Reform Program Eighty-two. The story of her life was the reforms of Juarez, the history of Mexico.

"We must have another drink, Señor. Juarez must be seen through the wrong end of a Foremost milk carton."

We were back in the taxi now on the craters of the Calzada de las Américas, dive bombed in the Bernaldo Sebastian and gassed in the Bravo Nicolas by an escaping *métro de gaz* that had busted. On the Calle de Tenal a man in a twisted mustache approached the car with a flame-thrower in which he was roasting burning chestnuts and at the Carmona Damian young boys in secondhand fire suits fined us for going through a red-light district, and at the Calzado del Parque someone threw a bomb that exploded in a jacaranda tree and scattered the birds all over the Caranza Emílio. On the Carretera de Casas Grandes all flags were out to celebrate a victory over the dead at the Panteon Municipal. We got back to the fortifications at El Submarino Bar just in time to be rolled by the bartender who assured us that in Mexico we were not against discriminated.

I got away without Señor Duranquense and walked by myself down the tracks of the Ferrocarril Federal de Méjico into the paling and sobering light of morning in Mexico, past the place that called itself the Rancho del Charro and past the place that called itself Fraccionamento del Mirador, past the Palo Chino. Then I arrived at a place that I knew, a place that I was familiar of which, but I was sobering now and I realized it was a place with which I was familiar, the Colonía de las Paracaidistas and the villa of Pancho.

Pancho was nowhere to be seen and the villa of Pancho looked like every other villa of Pancho's. All the villas were exactly the same mud hut, the same creation of despair.

"Did you have a tour of the night?"

"Yes."

It was Pancho.

We walked to the front of his villa where we could see down to all I had seen closely from below.

"Do not say nothing now, Señor. Do not go home with this."

"Then with what?"

"Espere, Señor. Wait."

"For what?"

"For the *paracaidistas,* Señor."

"You mean the power you will it seize?"

"Si, Señor."

"And the reforms you will make?"

"La reforma ultima que dura siempre a la gloria de Méjico, hasta el tiempo de todos nuestros muchachos."

"The ultimate *reforma* that will endure forever into the times of our children."

"Si, Señor. *Las paracaidistas,"* and he said the word with pride and with all the quiet peasant assurance of the man for whom the town beneath was named, that gentle *Indio* who had subdued darker darks, conquered blacker blacks than this—the man, legend and myth, the hero, the saint: Benito Juarez.

HIGH NOON AT CATHOLIC U.

MELVIN I. UROFSKY

Mr. Urofsky, an assistant professor at the State University of New York at Albany, is co-editor of the Louis D. Brandeis Letters.

The American Association of University Professors has quietly begun an investigation of academic freedom at the Catholic University of America in Washington. The move is unprecedented because, although the AAUP not infrequently protests arbitrary administration procedures, this is the first time that it has looked into the censure of a dissident teacher by his colleagues. The question at issue is whether academic freedom is any the less violated when attempts to restrict it come from one's fellow academics rather than from school administrators.

Catholic University in Washington is a key unit of American Catholic higher education, in that it provides most of the teachers and administrators for other parochial colleges. Last January, its faculty of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences voted to censure Dr. Joseph M. Hernon, a graduate of Catholic University—he received his Ph.D. at Trinity College, Dublin—for allegedly bringing the good name of the school into disrepute by "wholesale charges of religious bias." Hernon's struggle indicates how slowly, if at all, the spirit of modernism is creeping into church-dominated education.

In the spring of 1966, a permanent position opened in the History Department for a medievalist. After suitable search, the members of the department decided that the best man was Dr. Richard Kay, now a visiting professor at the University of Kansas. However, when the department chairman, Dr. Manoel Cardozo, presented Kay's name to the administration, he was informed that Kay would be unacceptable because he had been divorced and remarried. Kay is a member of the Episcopalian Church which permits divorce. It should also be pointed out that the department and the administration at C. U. admitted that Kay had always been the faculty's favored candidate.

Faced with the rector's veto, the department hired a priest as lecturer for one year until it could settle upon a candidate of whom the administration would approve. During the summer, the rector privately informed a clerical member of the department that Kay's divorce would no longer be an impediment. Accordingly, the chairman resubmitted his name in the fall, but this time the board of trustees turned him down. (The board consists of thirty-three bishops and eleven laymen.) Shortly thereafter, a directive was issued instructing the History De-

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partment to hire "a Catholic if possible" for the vacancy.

Upon receipt of this news, Hernon asked the department chairman if he were going to accept such an order. Dr. Cardozo said he would; in fact, he said, he was about to call a potential candidate in Florida to see if he was a baptized Catholic. Hernon pointed out that in addition to Kay, the department had considered three other historians. Two of them were Jewish, and the third, a Protestant, held a prestigious Sterling Fellowship at Yale. Did the directive automatically disqualify all of them? Cardozo said it did.

Hernon, who had already led a walkout at a faculty meeting in protest against arbitrary administration policy, told Cardozo that he could not in conscience accept such a policy. It was, Hernon declared, an insult to the university faculty, a mockery of the ecumenical spirit of the Vatican Council, and degradation of the whole concept of collegiate education. If nothing were done to resist it, he promised, he would bring the directive to the attention of the press.

It was this decision to go to the papers that upset the conservative members of the administration and the arts faculty. But, as Hernon explained later, there was no other recourse. The full professors in the department, the only ones who ultimately vote on appointments, were used to accepting orders from above. In 1966, when some faculty members had wanted to protest the award of an honorary degree to Archbishop Bryan J. McEntegart of Brooklyn, because of his role in the St. John's dispute, senior professors had quickly quashed the move as "impolitic." This and similar experiences with both the faculty and the administration convinced Hernon that only outside pressure and publicity would help.

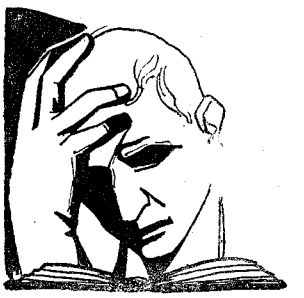
On Sunday, January 22, the story broke on the front page of *The New York Times*. The next day, the Rev. Patrick O'Boyle (recently elevated to Cardinal, and bishop of Washington) came to the Catholic campus to express in person his displeasure—with both Hernon and the publicity—to several of the old guard on the faculty. The full professors, supposedly on their own initiative, then met and decided that they would censure Hernon at the monthly meeting of the Graduate School, to be held the next day.

Shortly after the Tuesday meeting opened, the dean of the Graduate School, James P. O'Connor, recognized Dr. Theodore Litovitz of the Physics Department. Litovitz then read a long "open letter" to Hernon, in which he declared that everybody was well treated at the university, and abused Hernon as a religious bigot. No copy of this letter was put into the minutes, nor was one ever delivered to Hernon. For that matter, no one had seen to it that Hernon would be present. It was by chance that he came that day.

Other full professors joined the attack. One denounced the "scavengers" of the press; another lectured Hernon that "going to the press is going to the devil." The administration and the trustees did not like their policy to be publicized. Catholics' hiring practices run counter not only to those of most secular schools but also to those of the better parochial colleges. The faculty, in turn, resented Hernon's exposure of its weak and servile position.

Caught unawares, Hernon attempted to defend himself by challenging the older professors to dispute his statement. He had made no charges of prejudice or bias, but had merely stated that he opposed the arbitrary and irrational policy of the administration. No such attempt was made, considerations of truth or falsity being irrelevant in the minds of these scholars and teachers. By a vote of 69 to 19 (less than half of the faculty was in attendance, although most of the full professors had shown up), Hernon was censured for taking his story to the press.

Immediately after this vote, Hernon rose to make a motion. He proposed that the faculty show that it would



not accept dictation on appointments by approving a statement he had just jotted down. In essence, Hernon asked that the faculty make clear that it would accept no administrative directives aimed at disqualifying applicants for teaching positions "on any other than professional grounds." Such a policy was supposed to be in effect already at Catholic, and approval of the motion would have merely reconfirmed it. The resolution was tabled.

On March 14, the History Department tried to lay the medieval appointment to rest with a diplomatic compromise. Dr. Cardozo announced that since they "had to hire a Catholic," he had offered the post to a Catholic scholar whose specialty is the rather innocuous (and definitely noncontroversial) canonization of Edward the Confessor. But, in order to demonstrate their "liberalism," the full professors had offered the post in Renaissance and Reformation history to a Protestant.

Unfortunately for the peace of mind of Dr. Cardozo, the historian so chosen not only had no credentials but was a defrocked Episcopalian priest, who had been jailed in Scotland for bigamy and was currently under arrest for deportation. Moreover, much to Cardozo's chagrin, it was Hernon who had discovered this information at a historians' convention.

The AAUP will, it is reported, attempt to make the dean of the Graduate School admit that Hernon had been denied due process of law. Hernon had not been informed in advance of the contemplated censure; he was never given a hearing nor even a copy of the charges. Had he not been at the meeting, there is little doubt that the old guard would have denounced him *in absentia*. While the AAUP approach is aimed at the narrowest procedural grounds, it nonetheless moves the organization into a new area of investigation, and has broad implications

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for academic freedom in general, and Catholic education in particular.

It might be thought that dissident voices in academic communities would have little to fear from their colleagues, supposedly dedicated to truth and individuality. Yet in some institutions, as a result of political or religious pressures, diffident faculties have been used as censors by strong administrations. This is what concerns the AAUP at Catholic University, for few doubt that the faculty acted in collusion with the administration.

As for Hernon, he is concerned for the future of Catholic higher education in the United States. He is but one of a growing number of young liberals who are attempting to modernize the church and church education from within, and who have taken Pope Paul's words at face value. Hernon says:

> The question remains whether a real university should allow any considerations other than professional qualifications to affect its hiring practices. Should history, for instance, be taught as a branch of sectarian apologetics? Some have maintained that this university, because it is Catholic, has a right to practice discrimination. . .in "sensitive areas." This is true in the sense that Catholic University has a right to choose to be something other than a university. Insofar as it seeks to maintain these insular and paternalistic ways, it departs from the way of what most people, in 1967, call a university and becomes something very much like a plain-clothes seminary.

The question confronting Catholic University, and other parochial colleges, is whether or not, as George Bernard Shaw once noted, a "Catholic University" is a contradiction in terms.

THAILAND: WHERE WE CAME IN

ROBERT BUCKHOUT

A little noticed column in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch *this summer carried the news of an emergency request by the Thailand Government for more helicopters to fight insurgents. The alleged increase in insurgent activity may call for further increase of the already large U.S. commitment of up to 40,000 military men. Sensing in such reports from Thailand a possible parallel to Vietnam of about 1961, the Foreign Policy Roundtable at Washington University in St. Louis had called a conference in May of anthropologists, political scientists and journalists, expert in the area, to discuss present conditions in Thailand and the effects of our involvement on Thai culture and on the course of foreign policy in Southeast Asia.*

In 1966, the Foreign Policy Roundtable was instrumental in producing Politics of Escalation in Vietnam *(Fawcett Premier Books and Beacon Press), an analysis of the relationships between attempts to negotiate a Vietnamese settlement and military escalation by the United States. The proceedings of the present conference will be part of a similar book, designed to acquaint the American people with the complexities of Thailand in the face of growing U.S. involvement there.*

The following article summarizing the content of the conference is by Robert Buckhout of the Department of Psychology, Washington University, who is serving as editor of the forthcoming volume. However, the views expressed here are the author's and do not necessarily reflect those of individual participants or of the Roundtable.

Long clouded by semi-official secrecy, the extent of the build-up of United States involvement in Thailand is now becoming visible:

- Thailand has become a landlocked aircraft carrier for up to 80 per cent of the missions flown by U.S. (and recently Australian) Air Force bombers against targets in North Vietnam and Laos. B-52 bombers now fly out of Thailand on bombing missions.
- U.S. troops numbering 40,000 are stationed in Thailand (2,000 were there in 1961), principally in direct support of the air bases and logistical network involved in the bombing program. Military aid to Thailand is publicly acknowledged to be $60 million per year. Supplies, weapons and bases have been positioned in advance to accommodate one 17,000-man U.S. combat division when necessary.
- Military advisers, ex-FBI men, CIA personnel, the Green Berets and an unknown portion of the 40,000 U.S. military troops are involved in training Thai military and police forces to cope with alleged Communist-led insurgent movements in Northeastern and Southern Thailand. This counterinsurgency program was until recently under the command of Maj. Gen. Richard G. Stilwell, who directed similar efforts in Vietnam in 1961.

As in Vietnam, it has been recognized that the 95,000-man Thai army was shaped by years of U.S. military assistance into a cumbersome World War II-like army capable of fighting small conventional battles, but unsuited for anti-guerrilla or pacification operations. Efforts to restyle the Thai military meet resistance from the officer ranks, since the large units and conventional arms are politically useful for gaining privileges, promotions and power.

- U.S. helicopter pilots have flown Thai soldiers into action in the Northeast pending the training of Thai helicopter pilots.
- The United States Information Service (USIS) and other U.S. agencies, are engaged in intensive propaganda efforts through television, radio and mobile information teams in rural areas, to trumpet the virtues of the present Thai Government. This is the political side of the counterinsurgency (COIN) program. The United States Operations Mission (USOM), deploying an annual $42-million economic aid program, pushes the Accelerated Redevelopment Program (ARD) to raise living standards in the rural areas. It hopes thus to reduce grievances before they can be exploited by the insurgents. ARD has replaced the "resettlement" of tribes in the Northeast, a program that was similar in concept to the "strategic

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hamlets" of Vietnam. Social scientists are conducting studies all over Thailand, the sponsors including the Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA), the Stanford-Research Institute, RAND and hardware manufacturers such as Ford-Philco. The CIA program is headed by Peer De Silva, former CIA chief in Saigon.

Part of the many-sided U.S. program is intended to combat "internal Communist aggression." The impoverished Northeast sector, long neglected by Bangkok governments, is regarded as "security sensitive" because of a long history of estrangement, an immediate threat of insurgency—and the location there recently of Air Force bases used to bomb North Vietnam. At the Foreign Policy Roundtable Conference, participants described the Northeastern insurgents as principally Thais who are alienated from the Bangkok government.

The U.S. State Department, in its latest bulletin on the subject, estimates the number of insurgents in the Northeast to be less than 1,000, but growing. They are said to be organized as the Thai Patriotic Front, and to be engaging in propaganda and selective assassination. These charges are debatable, since banditry and rough politics are common in the Northeast. Other official sources state that the insurgents receive aid, training and leadership cadres from North Vietnam, Laos and China. In addition, a clandestine radio, "The Voice of Thailand," is reported to be operating from Southern China.

Since some 40,000 North Vietnamese refugees (along with other nonassimilated groups) live in Northeast Thailand, a remote area of poor farm land and ill-patrolled borders, it is clear that the Bangkok government has little effective control of the region. The insurgents capitalize on years of government neglect and harsh treatment of the peasants.

Similarly, the permeable borders of Southern Thailand aggravate a situation in which a nonassimilated Malay population, with its own Muslim religion, and the remnants of an old Malayan Communist revolutionary group, contribute another security problem. One conferee reported that the Thai Government control of the South is so ineffective that the insurgents allegedly roam about collecting taxes, demanding food and shelter in return for guarantees of safety. As the speaker noted, when Thai control does extend into remote areas, the local population is subject to the same demands from the Thai police.

Past Thai political efforts to assimilate the Malayans have been ineffective, hampered as they are by a language barrier, a history of Thai indifference and harsh treatment, and the occasional outbreak of violent movements seeking independence or union with Malaysia. Military forces sent against the insurgents, in conjunction with Malaysia, have failed even to find the insurgents, whose numbers are estimated variously from a few hundred to 1,500. The conferees tended to believe that the size of the Southern insurgent movement had not increased significantly since 1950. Recent newspaper and magazine stories, on the other hand, speak of greatly increased activity and a possible link-up of the Southern and Northeastern insurgencies.

Most of the conferees felt that the effect to date of these insurgencies was relatively small, but that, considering the basic problems confronting Thailand and the nature of its government, they posed a potentially serious threat to the regime. As one speaker pointed out, an insurgency of sufficient scope to topple the Bangkok government might be far beyond the capacities of the dissident elements, but an effort of much smaller magnitude could render large sections of the country ungovernable for a long period of time. A far more immediate threat is the possibility of mortar attacks or sabotage against U.S. air bases. Some doubt was expressed, however, as to the accuracy of reports on the degree of Communist control over the insurgents, it being a suggestion that certain Thai leaders might be exaggerating the Communist menace in order to stimulate more U.S. military assistance.

Since most of the conferees were social scientists, much attention was devoted to describing the social structure of Thailand, the way American influences interact with it and the social disequilibrium that results from the presence of the U.S. military in considerable numbers.

Into a stable economy has come an influx of money, jobs and opportunity related to the military build-up by the U.S. Bangkok is now the rest and recuperation center for Vietnamese GIs who come in at the rate of 700 per day. The adornment of Thai cities with bars for Americans, the increases in prostitution, the attraction of young educated Thais to lucrative jobs with American firms, are conspicuous examples of the social malaise which, while it did not begin with the arrival of the GIs, is exacerbated by their presence.

As more Americans become advisers at all levels of the Thai bureaucracy (whose officials are appointed by the junta) they become increasingly frustrated by the Thai's lack of administrative coordination and efficiency. While Thais prefer to receive specific technical training, the Americans prefer to suggest better ways of organization. This conflicts with the Thai reluctance to question administrative superiors. The Americans don't want to let Thailand drift into the chaos of Vietnam but, in the opinion of some of the conferees, the size and the disruptive potential of the U.S. economic and military aid program may threaten the very order that such a program was intended to preserve.

One anthropologist described the social order of Thailand as a bundle of fine gold independent chains. The vertical organization of Thailand's social order leads to patterns in which Thais look upward for help from powerful, superior figures—topped by the king. One speaker pointed out that U.S. military aid has made the Pentagon the benefactor of people in the Thai military chain. These men, faithful to their social precepts, accept gratefully the largess of a benefactor. What the benefactor wishes then becomes a dependent's amiable duty to provide, for to question threatens the integrity of the chains. Thus, when Washington proposes to build airfields, to man them with Americans, and to fly bombers for the Vietnamese War, the Thai military could not say no. Another speaker, however, noted that the Thai military might also be motivated to join with the United States by their traditional hostility to the Vietnamese.

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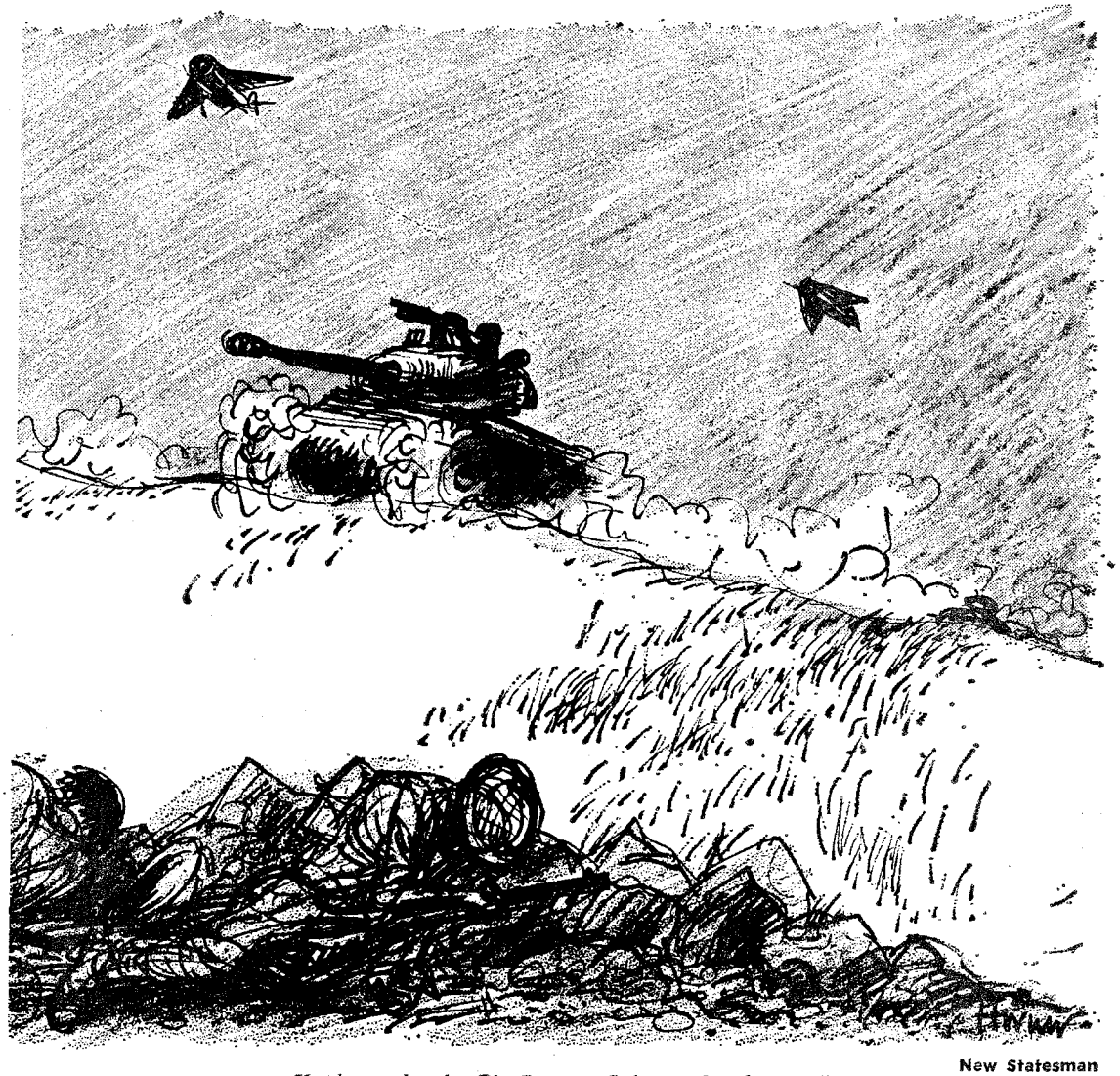
An inevitable result of the U.S. military assistance program has been to strengthen the military chains and to corrode the integrity of other chains. Recently, in a move toward "efficiency," the Minister of the Interior and army commander, Gen. Praphat Charusathien, took over the elementary school system from the Ministry of Education. Thus, a military man now controls the civil service division which has the most direct political effect on all segments of the population. General Praphat is reputedly the strong man in the Thai Government whose ascent may reflect a shift in emphasis from political reforms in rural areas to more vigorous military action against insurgents. It was he who issued the recent urgent call for more helicopters.

The uniqueness of Thailand has historically been its nationalism and the conduct of a foreign policy designed to insure its independence. Stability has depended upon the ability of any Thai regime to mobilize nationalistic sentiment. The folk heroes of the Thai population are low-born heroes who threw off foreign conquerors. One anthropologist emphasized that the U.S. military presence imperils the plausibility of the governments' claim to be the sole custodian of Thai national symbols and traditions. The visibility of Americans lends credence to the Peking radio charge that Thailand politicians are lackeys of the United States.

Social change has been occurring in Thailand which will invariably bring about new developments and considerable fluidity in a society whose institutions have been stable and relatively undemanding, at least to the average villager. The anthropologist pointed out that modernization itself produces institutional transformation and social and personal dislocation. In Thailand, for example, it has meant an increase in landlessness among peasants.

However, this same speaker doubted that the social changes taking place, independent of the war in Southeast Asia, would yield directly to plans and predictions derived from U.S. understanding of situations alien to the Thai situation—such as the economic-military redevelopment program in Vietnam. As a Thai spokesman pointed out, the effort in Vietnam involves the virtual building of a nation from scratch. In Thailand, on the contrary, excluding the regional splinter groups, a sense of nationhood has existed for centuries. The particular government in power may now be expected by the people to deliver some of the services it is promising, but, despite the impatience of American advisers, the cohesive, proud,



New Statesman

Hardware by the Big Powers; Software by the Small

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Thai culture does not need, nor is it likely to tolerate, the sort of complete societal remodeling that has been resorted to in Vietnam. Thai nationalism doesn't have to be created—it is there.

The spectacle of a Bangkok government totally committing itself to the foreign policy of the United States may well create conditions which could be exploited by insurgents who remain identified with nationalistic symbols.

The United States is in Thailand at the request of the Thai Government. This familiar phrase is the keystone to a brand of flexible diplomacy which has permitted the United States to escalate its military involvement in Thailand almost without discussion at home. It has also meant a reversal of the 700-year-old Thai "bamboo policy"—that is, bending with the wind.

Both the build-up of U.S. forces, and the details of military and economic assistance programs between the two governments were kept secret for some time. In a little publicized step, Dean Rusk and Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman signed a joint statement on March 6, 1962, reinterpreting and making bilateral the SEATO treaty. This document is now cited as the authority for the U.S. aid program. The agreement came in for considerable discussion at the Foreign Policy Roundtable.

Article 4 of the SEATO treaty declares that the signers (Australia, Great Britain, France, New Zealand, Pakistan, Thailand, the Philippines and the United States) shall by *unanimous agreement* act to meet common danger and immediately report the steps taken to the Security Council of the United Nations. The United States was thus committed under the treaty to the collective defense of member nations, including Thailand.

The Rusk-Khoman agreement effectively amends the SEATO treaty by stipulating that the obligation to "meet the common danger in accordance with its constitutional processes . . . does *not* depend upon the prior agreement of all other parties to the treaty, since this treaty obligation is individual as well as collective." In effect, this means that the United States knows that it could never get the votes of France and Pakistan to intervene in Thailand—especially when the SEATO treaty is interpreted by the Rusk-Khoman agreement as providing "an important basis for U.S. actions to help Thailand meet indirect aggression." The U.S. also pledged itself to preserve the independence and integrity of Thailand and help it meet Communist subversion.

It need hardly be pointed out that the steps taken to enlarge the U.S. military commitment in Thailand were largely unknown to the Americans (or Thais). Obviously, the U.S. Government has done almost nothing to publicize either the extent or the purpose of the build-up. Just how the independence of Thailand can be preserved by converting the country into a forward base for U.S. strategic policy is unclear. Thai and U.S. Government officials maintain that while the United States is doing the bombing of North Vietnam from Thailand, the Thai military has the main responsibility in the counterinsurgency effort. U.S. forces are acting as *advisers* under standing orders not to engage in combat—so says the official State Department paper.

However, *The New York Times* carried a story on November 26, 1966, that U.S. military advisers were at that time accompanying lower-level Thai units on anti-guerrilla sweeps, as well as flying helicopters.

Thus, as in Vietnam in 1961, U.S. military forces have become exposed as "noncombatants," with an excellent chance of being dragged into a hot war against Thai insurgents if an American were killed or a U.S. helicopter shot down. This potential, coupled with the vague wording of the Rusk-Khoman agreement, suggests that the United States commitment to the Thai military regime is as open-ended as the one woven out of the Eisenhower letter to President Diem in Vietnam.

When a former State Department official, who helped draft the Rusk-Khoman agreement, was asked at the conference to speculate on what the United States would do if the insurgency flared up to where American air bases were being attacked, he asserted that Thai police and armed forces could handle that sort of situation; but he later conceded that we might reach the point, as we did in 1965 in Vietnam, where we would have to make the choice between wading in or pulling out.

But is there still a real choice? The question in the minds of many at the conference was whether we had not already committed ourselves to defend the stability of the Thai military dictatorship against any threat, whether from outside military forces or internal political ones. Had we not, by placing vital military bases in Thailand, defined the *status quo* in terms of the present regime, whether or not it is responsive to the social changes going on in Thailand or to the needs that these changes create for its people? Is there some threshold to be reached, as in Vietnam, where the threat to U.S. interests will cause us to cease trusting the Thais and gradually take over the military and then the political jobs of counterinsurgency? Will we not then be tempted to line up with the strong man who takes a clear anti-Communist stand, regardless of his sensitivities toward the needs of the Thai people?

These are largely unanswerable questions, but as speculations based on the Vietnamese experience they are reasonable. Thailand no longer conducts an independent foreign or even domestic policy. The Thais proudly assert that they could send the Yankees home if they wished. But, would the United States leave, or would it permit anti-U.S. political factions to gain power? Even now, a governmental decree provides penalties and censorship if a paper publishes "any matter defamatory or contemptuous of the nation or Thai people . . . or any matter capable of causing the respect and confidence of foreign countries in regard to Thailand, the Thai Government or Thai people in general to diminish." The United States, despite its desire to support democratic governments, is tied to the defense of yet another dictatorship whose indifference to its rural population has contributed many of the problems that the U.S. is being asked to solve.

But, as one speaker pointed out at the conference (quoting the current ambassador to Thailand, William Martin), U.S. soldiers are being committed to die for the Thailand dictatorship. The depth of this commitment has not yet been discussed openly in the United States.

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Lasky-Lasch Exchange

London

DEAR SIRS: Christopher Lasch's 15-page article on "The Cultural Cold War" (Sept. 11) is much more an expression of his political passions and personal animus than it is an analysis of the real world. Because of its length, which is in inverse relation to its understanding of the situations, motives and organizations to which it refers, its pervasive and tendentious misinterpretations could be corrected only at a length greater than your correspondence columns allow or the intellectual inadequacy of the performance merits.

Nonetheless, your readers might appreciate a few instances of Mr. Lasch's lighthearted irresponsibility in his treatment of the facts as they relate to me personally.

(*1*) Mr. Lasch writes that in 1947 "Lasky led a walk-out of anti-Communists from a cultural meeting in the Russian sector of Berlin." This is false. I did no such thing, and no such thing happened. The facts are: I was invited as a free-lance American journalist to make a brief talk to the first postwar German Writers Congress and I did so. Inasmuch as my theme was the need to resist all forms of censorship anywhere, my talk was (given the Russian venue) controversial and there was vigorous discussion. Full and accurate accounts of the matter were published in *The New York Times* and other easily accessible sources, and a few minutes of research in a library would have enabled anybody to get the facts straight.

(*2*) Mr. Lasch writes that I, together with certain other persons, "had all been Communists during the thirties." This is false. I have never been a Communist. Doesn't Professor Lasch ever observe any of the elementary rules of evidence for establishing a fact?

(*3*) Mr. Lasch quotes a sentence from the former CIA official Thomas Braden to the effect that "[an] agent became an editor of *Encounter*." With a disregard for evidence that one hopes doesn't characterize the rest of his historical writings, Mr. Lasch goes on gratuitously to suggest that I might have been such an "agent" who became an editor of *Encounter*. This is false. I have already stated publicly (London *Times*, May 9) that Braden's allegation was untrue. Braden has also publicly explained (and it is characteristic of Lasch's method that he quotes Braden to suggest a point that Braden himself seriously qualified and in effect withdrew) that by an "agent" he also meant "unwitting" persons (*New York Times*, May 8); according to this definition, obviously, half of Europe's intellectuals, lawyers, journalists and trade unionists were "agents" who "worked for the CIA." In 1958, when I became an editor of *Encounter*, at the invitation of the then co-editors, I had no knowledge of the CIA's involvement and was, then as now, nobody's agent. For ten years I had been editing *Der Monat* in Berlin, until 1954 for the USIA, and thereafter (after a brief losing battle with McCarthyism) under a direct Ford Foundation grant. As I have also publicly stated, when I subsequently became aware that some of the grants which various U.S. donors gave to the Congress for Cultural Freedom to help subsidize *Encounter*'s publishing deficit were not in fact private but covert governmental funds, I did everything in my power to end this. In 1964, Cecil Harmsworth King and the *Daily Mirror* group in London took over the financial sponsorship of *Encounter*.

(*4*) Mr. Lasch, trying to demonstrate his untenable thesis that *Encounter* pursued an uncritical political line, writes: "Writers in *Encounter* denounced the Soviet intervention in Hungary without drawing the same conclusions about the Bay of Pigs." This is false. In July, 1961, *Encounter* published a 15,000-word analysis by Theodore Draper criticizing the "perfect failure" of U.S. policy toward Cuba; in the next number Anthony Hartley explained, from a British writer's viewpoint, why the "disastrous adventure" was shocking, illegal and wrong. In July, 1964, *Encounter* published a 9,000-word article by Herbert L. Matthews, entitled "Dissent over Cuba," protesting the perils of nonconformity" in the U.S. and the dangers of dissent which he himself and other friends of Castro's Cuba had experienced. At the time of the Bay of Pigs I co-signed a statement (*Encounter*, July, 1961) criticizing "direct (or, for that matter, 'indirect') U.S. military intervention in Caribbean affairs," calling it "as indefensible as it is tragic." Mr. Lasch is so clearly incompetent in ascertaining elementary facts which are essential to his argument that readers might well reflect on the reliability of his interpretation of much more complex events and attitudes when he has not been responsible enough to document even simpler ones with any degree of accuracy.

(*5*) Mr. Lasch writes: "Lasky's resignation was . . . rejected by the management of *Encounter*." This is false. No such thing happened. There was no resignation and no rejection. Once again a few simple inquiries would have been sufficient to establish the true facts.

What is true is that *Encounter* (with myself as one of its editors) has continued — as an independent journal of discussion and comment, then as now beholden to no one, uninfluenced by patrons or publishers, its pages open to the widest variety of views, and in which no idea or culture or governmental policy, East or West (including the United States), has been immune from criticism. What it publishes in any monthly number is, and has always been, determined solely by the personal ideas, beliefs and prejudices of its own editors and contributors. *Melvin J. Lasky*

Evanston, Ill.

DEAR SIRS:

(*1*) I was misinformed about the "walk-out," and Mr. Lasky is right that I should have checked this fact, although it has no bearing on the main points raised in my essay.

(*2*) I am, of course, glad to accept Mr. Lasky's correction but the statement to which he refers was based on H. P. Trevor-Roper's account of the Berlin Congress which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, July 20, 1950, whose accuracy I had no reason to question.

(*3*) The article in *The New York Times*, to which Mr. Lasky refers (May 8), reads: "Mr. Braden refused to name the CIA 'agents' in the congress or the magazine, nor would he describe what kind of agents he meant. The agency, he said, used the term 'agent' to describe both 'witting' and 'unwitting' operatives. But the article in *The Saturday Evening Post* clearly implies that the persons involved were 'agents' before they were 'placed' in the congress and 'became an editor' of *Encounter*." I see nothing in this report which entitles the reader to conclude that Braden "in effect withdrew" his earlier statement.

(*4*) Theodore Draper's article on Cuba criticizes American policy within the framework of cold-war assumptions. Likewise, Anthony Hartley condemned intervention as a failure, and on the curious ground that subversion of another country violated international law unless justified by internal disorder or "an almost unanimous opinion abroad of the undesirable character of a regime"; and he specifically denied any parallel between Cuba and Hungary. "American troops were not used, and the operations failed because of it. Can we imagine a genuinely imperialist regime behaving like this?" As for the Matthews article, the editors printed it with a supporting apologetic introductory note to the effect that although Matthew's views on Cuba had "been frequently criticized in *Encounter*, especially in Theodore Draper's articles," his "account of his opinions and tribulations, especially in the American context, seems to us a document interesting and important enough to publish and to discuss."

(*5*) Mr. Lasky may not have offered to resign from *Encounter*, as he reported, but the *Times* story (May 9) seems to indicate that he considered resigning, as his colleagues Spender and Kermode were urging. The *Times* says that he "won a vote of confidence today from the magazine's backers and decided to stay on the job." What Mr. Lasky still has not explained is why, when he came to "suspect" that "some of the foundations that were giving money to the Congress for Cultural Freedom . . . were not what they seemed," he did not confide his suspicions to his colleagues. It is hard to understand the reasons for this behavior, which is the exact opposite of what one would have expected. *Christopher Lasch*

Next week, space permitting, we will publish a sampling of the many comments which we have received on Mr. Lasch's article. —The Editors

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Sontag: Shaking the Tree of Death

DEATH KIT. *By Susan Sontag. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 312 pp. $5.75.*

STEPHEN KOCH

Mr. Koch's essay is the second in a series of articles, written mainly by younger critics, attempting to define and evaluate the form and direction being taken by contemporary American fiction. Mr. Koch teaches at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

The glacier knocks in the cupboard,
The desert sighs in the bed,
And the crack in the tea-cup opens
A lane to the land of the dead.
Auden, "One Evening"

Susan Sontag's new novel, *Death Kit*, examines and analyzes what might be called the inside of a single moment and a single condition. The moment is its hero's suicide and the condition is the daily death that led him to it. The two of them together—the fistful of sleeping pills and the life—are made to look like the crack in the tea-cup in Auden's ballad, and indeed, after the reader finishes *Death Kit*, I suggest he look up "One Evening" for an interesting trans-formal and cross-generational bang. Inside both the suicide and the life, Miss Sontag has discovered terrorism and banality, intertwined like two dead lovers. They are *Death Kit*'s sole links to her first novel, *The Benefactor*, or to the essays that made her famous. She wrote in *Against Interpretation:*

> Ours is indeed an age of extremity. For we live under continual threat of two equally fearful, but seemingly opposed, destinies: unremitting banality and inconceivable terror.

An ordinarily well-educated New York copywriter, a middle higher-up in an optics firm discovers the life he merely "inhabits" beginning to "run down":

> The walls sag. Empty spaces bulge between objects. The surfaces of objects sweat, thin out, buckle. The hysterical fluids of fear deposited at the core of objects ooze out along the seams. Deploying things and navigating through space becomes laborious. . . . But Diddy's [for such is his name] difficulties can't be solved by making a bigger effort. Stepped up effort won't repair his ingenious sense of incapacity, which proceeds from a hallucinated erasure of the present as it becomes past.

After Diddy's "ingenious sense of incapacity" at last eats out the bottom of things, Diddy empties a bottle of sleeping pills and is discovered beside his bed, semiconscious and retching. During the twenty minutes or so that elapse between the time an attendant slides him into the back of an ambulance and an anonymous figure ties the tag—"Dead on Arrival"—to his wrist, Diddy hallucinates the substance of Miss Sontag's novel. It takes the form of a 275-odd page narrative that transforms the ambulance ride into a banal business trip punctuated by a murder, a love affair with a blind girl, Diddy's return to New York with her, and a trip through a charnel house, during which the naked hero floats on his own dream toward his real death at the end of his ride to the hospital, and the end of all his fantasies.

Prose fiction can play with the sense of time as no more concrete medium can do. *Death Kit* opens up a moment in the mind of a man who knows he is going to die in a matter if minutes, and it turns that moment into a story which, naturally, takes several hours to read and which accounts for six or eight months added to Diddy's life. Time is diffracted into three separate beams: a single moment is turned into reading time, and reading time, in turn, simulates the time the story claims to cover. But the moment thus expanding and contracting is not just any one: it is the moment of death, transformed into a life—a life which in turn crawls back, without pausing, toward death. Because all novels deal with a sequence of events, all novels *must* be "about" time; but *Death Kit* is also about a physical and spiritual condition. It is about being moribund:

> It's those who know themselves to be merely the custodians or lessors of their lives who make up the roster of prospective suicides. Knowing one has a life induces the temptation to give it up. One is dead. Therefore, one wants to die. Equally, one wants to be born.

Miss Sontag is much more interested in spiritual death than she is in physical mortality or even physicality itself, and that fact gives her book an allegorical quality. She is primarily concerned with the way people lower themselves to the end of their own rope; she describes those whose quiet desperation has reached the point of mute hysteria:

> Worn out, he finally tosses the paper on the floor; sleeps; dreams . . . the nervous raw music filters into Diddy's ears. He opens his eyes and it begins again, for early morning is the other worst time. At the open window, pulling the blinds before he dresses. In front of the bathroom mirror minutes later, shaving. The lethal invitation of windows and mirrors.

The mute hysteria leads to terror. Diddy's mind excursion toward the end includes a murder which he commits for no reason at all, bashing in the head of a railroad workman who is repairing the tracks in front of a stalled train on which Diddy has been riding:

> Diddy yells and brings the crowbar down on the back of the man's head. Diddy groans, the man groans. Diddy's hands tingle from the blow. Letting the crowbar drop, he flexes his cramped fingers. Which don't respond. Has to unlock the fingers of his right hand with his left, the fingers of his left hand with his right. Poor dry throbbing fingers.

Death Kit ends in terror as well, when Diddy returns several months later to the scene of his crime and finds the same workman again, on the same tracks. Diddy again murders him:

> Incardoma throws his hands up to his head, sways, pivots, his knees bending; then collapses to the ground. Lying there, huddled. His shattered head pours forth blood, brains, bits of bone, something that looks like dirty water. There's no doubt this time.

All this violence ends in some oddly anodyne horror: a tour through a vast charnel house, where Diddy seems not so much frightened as soothed and amused, as if he were surrounded by gentle companions:

> The temptation to touch was irresistible. Where touch was possible. Diddy reached out gingerly to several of the open coffins and stroked the withered, dusty faces.

Banality breeds with terror: creates it and is created by it. Miss Sontag's treatment of banality is in some ways the most surprising and original aspect of *Death Kit*—original, I mean, to our current situation and

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surprising because almost nothing she has done before prepares the reader for the attitude toward it expressed here. The thick choking gas she shows dulling Diddy's life comes not so much from the familiar as the unintelligent, and she is plainly much less interested in a Baudelairean release from an empty world than she is in ridiculing and preventing that form of escape called stupidity. Somewhere in Susan Sontag a highly austere classicist carries on a complicated argument with a more exorbitant artist of sensory extremes, and over a long stretch of *Death Kit* that classicist is winning the fight. She answers to the muse of satire; she casts a cold eye on the world's knaves and fools. The rhythm of this art is not the rhythm of a dream or of imaginative release. It is based on the precept, the epigram, the sharp retort:

> "But godamn it," Diddy cried, "you can't be right all the time!"
>
> "Why not?" said Hester.
>
> "Why not?" Diddy repeats incredulously.
>
> "What do you think, Dalton? That being right is something democratic? A guarantee that you can be right half the time and I can be right the other half? Darling, it isn't like that—except when it is. And with us, it isn't."

Jane Austen is the presiding genius of such writing, not Baudelaire, a fact I wouldn't linger over except for a strange detail which Miss Sontag has written into this violent book. Diddy entertains his blind girl friend by reading *Emma* out loud. What a novel for such a man to be reading—and in such a book! When you first come across the passage you are likely to laugh out loud. But as things proceed, the logic of the detail becomes more apparent, as do Miss Sontag's links with the author of *Pride and Prejudice*; most of *Death Kit* moves from event to event according to the progressive stages in a human relationship, and not according to the rapid, violent logic of dreams.

Near the end of his dream life Diddy shouts, "I want to be seen!" The kind of mind he is calling upon is the mind that scrutinizes the world rather than attempts to transform it; one which tries to purge the fuzz of subjectivity and leave only crystalline concreteness and specific details of time, place and feeling sparkling with unmodulated presence, like a piece of music in which each separate instrument is heard in its special timbre, resonance and intensity. Rather than lead the mind out of banality into some more exciting Beyond, the artistic mind at work here wants to purge the smog of those Beyonds and reveal the lucidity of the here and now.

And suffering, as always, gets in the way. Why is Diddy's girl friend blind, so he cannot be "seen"? Because her eyes were put out by a madwoman. Why is his relation with her a living death that drains his life *a là vampire?* Because despite herself Hester is a fraud who must put a good face over the despair she basically feels, and in consequence she deprives Diddy of what this classico-fantasist sees as the emotional nourishment of the authentically Real.

And yet Diddy loves Hester on his own; he is in complicity with her falseness because he asks for it. A full half, if not two-thirds, of *Death Kit* explores this complicity, asking what justifiably can be asked from other people and assuming that the load of suffering carried around by each man makes unauthentic human contact inevitable, like death. This assumption makes *Death Kit* veer away from the classicism of its central sections and sets it loose again on the post-tragic necromancy that gives the book its title and form. A classicist like Jane Austen finds death the least interesting event in any life, having exactly the interest of a period in relation to any written sentence. But this novel seriously entertains the kind of despair that makes death *the* human experience.

So far as I am aware, no American novelist in recent memory has brought anything like Susan Sontag's intelligence and sophistication of world view to this subject; *Death Kit* stands alone as a meditation on a theme which after all hovers (particularly right now) over our society like a vile lingering odor; which is smeared across our faces with every morning newspaper; which spills out onto the living room rug every time we turn on the six o'clock news. It is a grim novel and in some ways it is even difficult to bear, but it ought to be read by anyone who follows the art and temper of our time. Rather than linger over the details that stick in my mind—the story of the wolf-boy, living in a cave: three startling, merciless satires of the middle-aged American female — I'll complain instead that the book is somewhat too long. Charlie Chaplin once remarked that after shooting a new movie he always shook the tree as hard as he possibly could, and kept only the fruit that didn't fall. Such wisdom always ought to be followed, even when one is shaking the tree of death.

The Middle East Ulcer

NO END OF A LESSON: The Inside Story of the Suez Crisis. *By Anthony Nutting. Clarkson N. Potter 205 pp. $5.*

SUEZ. *By Hugh Thomas. Harper & Row. 261 pp. $5.95.*

SUEZ: Ten Years After. *Edited By Anthony Moncrieff. The B. B. C. Third Programme Series. British Broadcasting Corporation. 160 pp. 20s.*

ALEXANDER WERTH

Suez is very much in the news again. The latest item is Mr. Levi Eshkol's explosive statement that the Suez Canal "would be Israel's best natural frontier." This is another example of that "verbal escalation" in the Middle East which is not likely to lead to any good. The Suez Canal, one bank of which is held by the Israelis, and the other by the Egyptians, has now been closed to traffic for several months; the Arab countries are, after the Khartoum conference, further than ever from recognizing the existence of the state of Israel, and no solution of the Middle East crisis, which started with the withdrawal of the UN troops at Nasser's behest, the closing by the Egyptians of the Gulf of Aqaba and what the Russians still call "Israel's aggression," is in sight.

It looked for a short time as if Nasser was seeking a "political solution" to the Egyptian-Israeli war, implying a *de facto*, if not *de jure*, recognition of Israel by Egypt; but the very suggestion of such a possibility appears to have caused the sharpest resentment in the other Arab countries (especially Syria and Algeria), and in the Egyptian army —which, in itself, threatened the very existence of the Nasser regime.

One of the most paradoxical aspects of both the 1956 and the 1967 Middle East crises is that Nasser was, in both cases, built up in the imagination of Western statesmen and of Western public opinion as the number-one bogyman of the Arab world. Both Anthony Eden and French Premier Guy Mollet started on their crazy Suez venture in 1956 on the assumption that Nasser was "the Hitler of today." Eden argued that the fatal error made in not destroying Hitler in 1936 at the time of the German reoccupation of the Rhineland or, at the latest, at the height of the Czech crisis in 1938, would not be made again in the case of Nasser, since Nasser also allegedly wanted to "conquer the

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world"— or at any rate the Arab world (not, by the way, quite the same thing).

Eden dreaded the loss of British influence in the Middle East; the French had more specific reasons for wanting to eliminate Nasser. In Algeria, in 1956, the war had been raging for nearly two years, and the French liked to imagine that but for Nasser, who was allegedly supplying the Algerian "rebels" with arms, and was inspiring their anti-French nationalism through Radio Cairo, the Algerian people would calmly and meekly reaccept the old French colonial order in Algeria. I remember my visit to Algiers in July of 1956. At that time Nasser had not yet nationalized the Suez Canal Company; but the French *ultras* were even then openly talking of a *preventive war against Egypt,* since the liquidation of Nasser alone, they asserted, could put an end to all their troubles in Algeria. Soon afterward I found London in a flag-waving Kiplingesque kind of mood; one lunatic, in a letter to *The Times*, asserted that any man whose name ended in "er" represented a mortal danger to the British Empire: Kruger, Kaiser, Hitler—and now Nasser!

Nasser is an Egyptian nationalist and represents perfectly the Egyptian people's revolt against both the humiliating British colonial regime, under which Egypt suffered for nearly a century, and against the corrupt feudalist order which continued under King Farouk and Nahas Pasha. There is, of course, no doubt that Nasser does not like Israel, which he regards as a "Western springboard" planted in the middle of the Arab world; he also resents the fact that over a million Palestinian Arabs should have been driven from their homes and should be reduced to living in a state of utter misery on meager UN charity rations in Jordan and Syria. But there is probably some truth in the Russian assessment of Nasser which I heard in Moscow a few months ago. The head of the Palestinian Arabs, who wants to "exterminate in Israel every man, woman and child the way Hitler did," was described to me as "a son of a bitch"; but Nasser, to the Russians, is still a man "with genuine statesmanlike qualities," with whom it would be possible to come to an arrangement except for the anti-Israel fanatics in Egypt and in many other Arab countries. Whether the Russians are right in saying that Nasser's move against Israel was "provoked" by Israeli incursions into Syria in April is much more dubious; but, on the other hand the Russians also admit that the destruction by the Israelis on June 5 of the Egyptian air force, was "not unprovoked"; there were the threats (though not from Nasser himself) to "destroy every Jewish man, woman and child." But at the same time the Russians admit (and even complain) that they were *not* informed of either the withdrawal of the UN troops from Sinai or of Nasser's closing of the Gulf of Aqaba. To the Russians, in short, the responsibilities for the war are divided, and they consider that there are extremists and preventive-war extremists on both sides (among them men like Dayan in Israel and many Arab leaders—though not Nasser).

All these three books were written before the present Middle East crisis, but they are, nevertheless, of the greatest topical interest. They often deal with certain fundamentals which, in the heat of the 1967 battles, we have been apt to overlook. For instance, the tragic problem of the Palestine Arab refugees, or the extreme precariousness of Egypt's economic future, or the economic, political and psychological importance of the Aswan Dam which the United States and Britain refused to finance (hence the nationalization, by Nasser, of the Suez Canal) and which was later taken over by the Russians.

As Hugh Thomas recalls in his excellent study of the Suez crisis:

> Nasser cared more about the Dam than the Canal. Egypt, though large, is mostly desert. Only the delta and the plain of the Nile are suitable for agriculture. On these six million acres (the size of Yorkshire and Lancashire together) most of the population of 24 million make their living. This region has the highest density for a rural population in the world: 3,000 per square mile. The population is increasing fast so that in 1988 there will probably be 60 million Egyptians. Most people in Egypt are starving. The expectation of life is 35 years, the *per capita* income £25 a year.

This is the *real* Egypt, only a few miles away from the Groppi Café and Shepheard's Hotel. Nasser is acutely aware of these grim realities of his country's economic future; hence his interest —perhaps excessive interest—in the Aswan Dam, in Russian economic aid, his dislike of Israel with its entirely different standard of living, and his fellow feeling for the other Arab countries, some even more wretched than Egypt. Here, in a nutshell, is the whole tragedy of the overpopulated and underdeveloped countries. That even the Aswan Dam is not ultimately a solution is fairly convincingly demonstrated by Prof. W. R. Polk of the United States in a B.B.C. talk in one of the books listed above:

> The High Dam has been very disappointing. The amount of land that will be irrigated is very much less than the original estimates, and the amount of electricity generated will have to be considerably less than the original estimates also—otherwise there will be a terrible wastage of water.

Even so, the High Dam, whatever its economic value, has its uses:

> The real importance of the Dam, I suspect, is symbolic. It is a symbol of the regime and on this the Egyptian Government simply had to continue, no matter where it got its aid from. . . . I am sure the Egyptians are very grateful indeed to the Soviet Union. . . . But, most important of all perhaps is this: the High Dam was the school, above all other

THE STONES

I owned a slope full of stones.
Like buried pianos they lay in the ground,
shards of old sea-ledges, stumbling blocks
where the earth caught and kept them
dark, an old music mute in them
that my head keeps now I have dug them out.
I broke them where they slugged in their dark
cells, and lifted them up in pieces.
As I piled them in the light
I began their music. I heard their old lime
rouse in breath of song that has not left me.
I gave pain and weariness to their bearing out.
What bond have I made with the earth,
having worn myself against it? It is a fatal singing
I have carried with me out of that day.
The stones have given me music
that figures for me their holes in the earth
and their long lying in them dark.
They have taught me the weariness that loves the ground,
and I must prepare a fitting silence.

WENDELL BERRY

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schools, in which the new kind of Egyptian was trained—the engineer, the technician, the foreman are all graduates of the High Dam.

There is this: and there is also the fact that Russia is the natural and automatic market for Egyptian-grown cotton, thanks to the Aswan Dam:

> Never mind what the Russians do with the Egyptian cotton crop; they can put it at the bottom of the Black Sea, but the important thing is that they buy it —and they usually leave it to the very last minute when the Egyptians are literally on their knees . . . . Then they come and bail them out. This is the sort of thing that makes friends and influences people.

This last quote is from a statement made by Anthony Nutting in the same B.B.C. discussion.

Nutting is, indeed, a man who is acutely sensitive to the plight of an underdeveloped country like Egypt, and this very largely accounts for his extreme opposition to Eden's return in 1956 to the bad old imperialist ways. He was Secretary of State at the Foreign Office in Eden's government in 1956, and so number-two man to Selwyn Lloyd, Eden's Foreign Secretary. At the height of the Suez crisis, he resigned from the government and from Parliament, and ruined his highly promising political career.

Of these three books Nutting's is, historically, by far the most important. Very few records were kept of the "sordid negotiations" (as Nutting calls them) that led to the "collusion" among Britain, France and Israel, and their abortive seizure of the Suez Canal in November, 1956. Many episodes which Mr. Thomas laboriously and tentatively tries to restore are perfectly clearly described by Nutting, a direct participant in a variety of crucial meetings among British ministers, and between British and French leaders. Nutting was a man with the greatest admiration and affection for his Prime Minister. And yet Eden came to act in the Suez affair in a manner which was "completely out of character." Eden's reputation, Nutting says, had been founded on his genius for negotiations. But now, in March, 1956:

> Eden completely lost his touch. Gone was his uncanny sense of timing, his deft feel for negotiation. Driven by the impulses of pride and prestige, and nagged by mounting sickness, he began to behave like an enraged elephant charging senselessly at invisible and imaginary enemies in the international jungle.

The trouble, according to Nutting, started in March, 1956, when King Hussein of Jordan suddenly fired General Glubb (Glubb Pasha), the Jordanian chief of staff, and commander of the Arab Legion. Until that day Eden had every reason to be satisfied with his own record as a diplomat. He had, in the last few years, settled the great oil dispute with Persia, had played a decisive role (despite fierce resistance from Dulles) in arriving at a peace settlement in Indo-China after the French debacle at Dienbienphu; had reached a settlement with Nasser over the withdrawal of British troops from the Canal Zone, and had even helped secure the complete liberation of Austria from the Russians. But the firing of Glubb by King Hussein drove him mad. He immediately assumed that the man behind it all was Nasser. Although Nutting proved to him that Nasser had *nothing* to do with it and that Hussein simply decided that he was not master in his own house so long as Glubb was there, Eden got the idea that the world was too small to hold him (Eden) and Nasser.

For several months he raved and ranted about Nasser. In reply to a proposal to "isolate" Nasser with the help of a UN police force, Eden shouted: "Why isolate and neutralize Nasser? I want him destroyed." When Nutting suggested that there was no alternative to Nasser in Egypt, except somebody much worse, Eden screamed: "I don't give a damn if there's anarchy and chaos in Egypt."

We need not deal here with all the complicated negotiations that went on in connection with the Anglo-American refusal to finance the Aswan Dam and Nasser's nationalization of the Suez Canal. The important thing is that Eden was determined, ever since March, 1956, to "destroy" Nasser. Any hopeful signs of a peaceful settlement, such as the six-point program virtually agreed on between Fawzi, the Egyptian minister, and Selwyn Lloyd only irritated Eden. He welcomed instead the growing signs of Franco-Israeli collusion, and finally, on October 13, joyfully accepted the French plan brought to him by M. Gazier and General Challe (a future member of the anti-de Gaulle "Generals' Plot" in Algiers). This was Challe's plan:

> Invite Israel to attack Egypt across the Sinai peninsula. Having given the Israelis enough time to seize all or most of Sinai, the British and French will then order "both sides" to withdraw their forces from the Suez Canal. This would permit the British and French to occupy the Canal and "separate the combatants," thus saving the Canal from damage.

As we know, this was the plan that Israel, Britain and France carried out—or tried to carry out. If it failed in the end it was because of sharp American opposition, UN opposition, and strong objections from the Labour Party inside Britain—despite the extremely ambiguous line at first taken on the Suez issue by Gaitskell—an attitude which induced Eden, for a time, to believe that he was in fact pursuing a genuine "bipartisan" British policy.

Nutting's book tells the real inside story of Suez, and tells it more honestly and more fully than anybody else has ever told it. As a study of Eden's motives, Eden's anti-Nasser mania, and of the reasons for this mania (illness, jealousy of Churchill, perhaps the influence of his overambitious wife, his hatred of Dulles and his determination not to be dictated to by the U. S.), it is extraordinarily interesting. Curious, too, is the fact that Eden had been, unlike Churchill, pro-Arab and rather anti-Israel. But now, in his pathological hatred of Nasser, he allowed himself to be trapped by such mediocre French politicians as Pineau and Mollet who proposed to him their cynical plan in the firm belief that the end of Nasser would mean the end of the Algerian War. The absurd plan misfired completely as we know, and the new Anglo-French *entente cordiale* fell to pieces within a few days—only to cause the most violent anti-British feeling among those Frenchmen who felt that complete victory would have been certain within twenty-four or forty-eight hours if only the English hadn't called the cease-fire half-way down the canal and in this way ruined the whole scheme.

If Nutting's book is full of hard facts (many of them completely new) Thomas' book is more speculative, though his conclusions are, roughly, the same as Nutting's. The B.B.C. volume is useful in providing valuable background material, not only to the Suez crisis of 1956 but also to the Middle East crisis of 1967—and to that chronic Middle East ulcer, for which nobody has yet discovered a cure. Nutting's suggestion in one of the B.B.C. discussions that there can be no end to the malady so long as Israel remains a "Western stalking horse" does not help much. Nor does his pro-

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posal that Israel should be "de-Westernized and de-Zionized," and that the country should be run by a majority of Oriental, but not Western, Jews. Maybe a bright idea but, surely, wholly unrealistic. At times Nutting comes dangerously close to the Arab view that the creation of a Jewish state in Palestine was a bad mistake from the start. To him, the Balfour Declaration was far less a piece of British idealism than one of the usual tricks of British imperialism. True no doubt; only what can one do about it now?

Not for the Dubliners

DUBLIN: A Portrait. *By V. S. Pritchett (with photographs by Evelyn Hofer). Harper & Row. 99 pp. $15.*

IRISH JOURNAL. *By Heinrich Böll. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 127 pp. $4.95.*

KEVIN SULLIVAN

Mr. Sullivan is associate dean of the Graduate Faculties at Columbia University and the author of Joyce Among the Jesuits *(Columbia University Press).*

Here are two books about Ireland, one by an Englishman, one by a German, that might amuse if not enlighten many Irishmen. But then neither book seems to have been written for Irish circulation. Certainly not Mr. Pritchett's glossy sketch of dear dirty Dublin for which no Irishman in his right mind is likely to spend the staggering sum of £4-4-0. (I can see a Dublin reviewer now slipping down to the quays to flog his copy for a fraction of that.) And Herr Böll's reflections were obviously composed for fellow burghers in Cologne and environs whose notions of Ireland would seem to be, following Böll, a dreamy *mélange* of fairyland and low Tartary.

Heinrich Böll's reputation as "one of postwar Germany's most important novelists" is, oddly enough, more pronounced in America than in Europe, and it may be for this reason that his *Irisches Tagebuch* of 1957 has been translated into English ten years later by Leila Vennewitz, a Canadian lady, as *Irish Journal*. It seems a pity to have disturbed its German repose. "This Ireland exists," Böll writes in a cunning epigraph, "but whoever goes there and fails to find it has no claim on the author." No claim indeed, for this Ireland exists only in the mind of Böll, a most improbable place, a land of unlikeness—an Ireland without latitude or longitude, where time and place and person are without design or definition, as colorless as space, as elusive as mist.

The book is vacuous, but it would amuse that Irishman, who will not read it, by its ponderous effort to embody those qualities Böll thinks are most Irish —feyness, piety, fantasy, fun and melancholy. All coalesce in a story Böll puts in the flannel mouth of an imaginary policeman. The story is about a nun. Here is a sample of it:

> . . . a nun who found the dead Redskin on Duke Street . . . walked beside us all the way and prayed for his poor soul—the water was running into her shoes, and the wind was so fierce it lifted her heavy wet habit, and for a moment I could see she had darned her dark-brown underpants with pink wool. . . . You know what I really wondered about: whether they actually wear darned underpants in Heaven.

That policeman, typical of Böll's excursions into fantasy, is without wonder of any kind. The wonder is that Böll dares even an attempt at this sort of thing—like a mollusk trying an *entrechat* or an elephant pirouetting. It is bad enough when a people sentimentalize themselves, as the Irish have been known to do, but it is insufferable when they are sentimentalized by foreigners. In this Ireland of Böll's make-believe, nothing real is ever observed, though statistics are sometimes disguised as observations. His list, for example, of "Irish world records": drinking tea, making priests, moviegoing, drinking whiskey and cigarette smoking. Poor Ireland. Poor Böll.

One turns then with some relief and much pleasure, not wholly unalloyed, to V. S. Pritchett's elegant portrait of Dublin. Evelyn Hofer's photographs—sixteen in full color, seventy-eight in monochrome—are simple and superb, quite the best photographic essay on Dublin yet assembled. The camera has realized and heightened without distorting by gimmickry whatever it turned upon—the stately façade of the Custom House, Christchurch, the Four Courts, prospects of square and quay and river and bay, a street in the slums, the chamber of the Dail, a grave in Glasnevin, a lounge bar; in short, the real and remembered face of Dublin, but above all the faces of Dubliners—poets and actors and priests, of course, and old revolutionaries and students and tinkers, but also lords and weavers, gravediggers, mods and PR men. Here they all are, many of them showing as Pritchett shrewdly observes, "the double face, one containing the outer, the other the inner life." My own favorite is the portrait of three easy and able-looking gravediggers in great dark coats and slouch hats standing on a shiny road under the cypresses of Glasnevin and leaning on their spades, as long and sharp as lances, looking out at the world of the living with a courteous and expectant regard.

Pritchett's text accompanying these photographs is polished and urbane, a composite view of the city as it was and as it is — Georgian, Edwardian, De Valeran and contemporary Dublin. It shuttles smoothly backward and forward in time on well-oiled wheels of generalization, the gentle whir of the prose precluding disagreement or contradiction, though the occasions for both may be many. Pritchett's acquaintance with Dublin dates back to the early twenties when the city was still local habitation for many of the great names of the Irish literary revival. He knew or met many of them, and many more still of the younger writers who followed them, and he has drawn now on almost all of them for anecdote and illustration in his own portrait of Dublin.

How faithful a portrait is it? More than passing fair, but less than perfect. In a book so elaborately produced and so expensively marketed one is irritated by negligences like Berryman for Merry-

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man, Edward for Edmund Curtis, F. J. Cormick for McCormick and the perverse and persistent appearance of *Finnegan's for Finnegans Wake*. The index, too, though this is probably not Pritchett's doing, is shoddy and incomplete. Carelessness of this kind—still other examples might be given—will not strengthen a reader's faith in the responsibility of editor or author. But aside from that, there are enough good things, especially the photographs, to make the book almost worth the price.

Though a Dubliner moving about daily in his taken-for-granted city would be little likely to recognize the significance of the place as Pritchett portrays it, the same is probably true of the citizens of any town whose very familiarity blurs its definition. The place and its significance, however, are real, as the Ireland of Heinrich Böll is not, seen thus from the outside by a literary Englishman. Not so real, of course, as the same place in all its quotidian variety seen from within, for example, *Ulysses* —but no one, especially not a Dubliner, would expect that.

O'Casey's Benevolent Blasts

BLASTS AND BENEDICTIONS: Articles and Stories. *By Sean O'Casey. Selected and introduced by Ronald Ayling. St. Martins Press. 314 pp. $6.50.*

SEAN CRONIN

Mr. Cronin is a journalist who has lived in Ireland and the United States, and has written for publications in both countries.

This lovely land that always sent
Her writers and artists to banishment
And in a spirit of Irish fun
Betrayed her own leaders, one by one.

Thus James Joyce. Sean O'Casey could have echoed the sentiment as he headed for exile at the age of 46 a few weeks after his masterpiece *The Plough and the Stars* was hooted in the Abbey Theatre despite Yeats's magnificent declamation:

> You have disgraced yourselves again . . . Dublin has once more rocked the cradle of genius. From such a scene in this theatre went forth the fame of Synge. Equally the fame of O'Casey is born here tonight. This is his apotheosis.

Was it? Not all the objectors were obscurantists. Yet their arguments make pathetic reading today. One can explain them only on the grounds that normally civilized men and women have their aberrations and that those were not normal times in Ireland. The year was 1926, nineteen years after *The Playboy* riots, but only three years removed from the civil war. To many rebel partisans, O'Casey's anti-heroes sounded like anti-revolutionary mockers and defeatists; they saw his play as a savage satire on the Easter Rising. They might discount what Yeats, the government senator, had to say; but from the Socialist O'Casey they expected slogans they could chant and cardboard figures they could cheer. The pietists joined the uproar. Previously they had denounced *Juno and the Paycock*; a bowdlerized version had to be performed in Cork. The combination of patriots and puritans proved too much for O'Casey and he got out. His reasoned replies in the Dublin newspapers (reproduced in this excellent anthology) to the charges against his play are models of moderation.

But it is clear that he was grievously wounded. His feelings come through in a 1960 piece written for *The New York Times* during a revival of *The Plough*:

> Scholars, saints, hurlers and bards shouted down O'Casey; and in spite of the herculean defiance of the indomitable poet, Yeats, I felt as Ruth felt among the alien corn; I was an alien in my own land. The next day, angry and abrasive letters against the play shone darkly from the Dublin papers, and O'Casey was told by many symbols in speech and letter that the shamrock wasn't for him to pluck. It was time to go.

Two years later when Yeats rejected *The Silver Tassie*, on the specious ground that O'Casey could know nothing of the horrors of war because he had never trod a European battlefield, the artist lost a theatre as well as a country. Joyce might manage to live by "silence, exile and cunning," but O'Casey's particular genius required an Irish setting and a Dublin stage. Or so it may be fairly argued. The playwright would not agree; he had broken his bonds and was free to write whatever he chose. So he followed his own lonely path and produced four experimental morality plays, four comedies, a couple of curtain raisers, six volumes of autobiography, and, in addition to the one under review, two anthologies of articles on politics, drama, people and literature before he died in 1964 at the age of 84.

O'Casey's blasts are mostly benign, his benedictions are generously distributed. Yesterday's battles, their heroes and villains are observed from O'Casey's command post. When he thunders against the Boston ban on *Within the Gates* — brought about by an unecumenical alliance of Catholics and Methodists — he sounds like a latter-day John Knox. The play, which deals with the outcasts of the world, sought to bring music and song and dance back to the drama; a Jesuit critic thought it "drenched with sex." O'Casey takes after him in fine style in "The Church Tries to Close the Gates," published here for the first time.

Controversy invariably followed production of his plays, with O'Casey defending his creations pugnaciously and effectively. Few writers managed to raise the hackles of so many nonplaygoing conformists — political and religious — especially in Ireland. This collection is a sort of "Essential O'Casey" of that field, selected with obvious care by Ronald Ayling of the Drama Department, Bristol University, who also provides a fine preface. The articles, and three short stories, are published for the first time in book form. It is typical O'Casey: provocative ideas skip lightly across the pages clad sometimes in breath-takingly lyrical language; at other times the style is as plain and direct as a Swift tract.

He never became a Grand Old Man of Letters, safe above the strife. The dust raised by his last two plays, *The Bishop's Bonfire* and *Drums of Father Ned*, has still to settle in Ireland. The story has been told quite often, but O'Casey tells it best. Suffice it to say here that when Cyril Cusack produced *The Bishop's Bonfire* at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, in 1955, a vicious campaign had been launched against it even before it opened. "It caused a great commotion, great crowds assembled outside the theatre, not to boo or to protest, but to cheer the name of the author — one of my astonishing and pleasant surprises," writes O'Casey. "Those who had booked their seats had to fight their way through the throng, and many who wished to see the play found it impossible to get in, including the American Ambassador and Mme. Pandit Nehru." Not surprisingly, the Dublin critics, with one exception, clobbered it. The London critics, with a few exceptions, liked it. And the usual anti-O'Casey wail started in the Irish papers. Nevertheless, the original three-week run had to be extended to five, and it played to packed houses every night. Except for some isolated and perhaps organized his-

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sing there were no additional incidents.

Three years later the director of the Dublin Theatre Festival asked O'Casey for *The Drums of Father Ned,* a gay frolic about an Ireland awakening to new ideas; a follow-up to *Bonfire* which depicts a country still in thrall to closed ecclesiastical minds. Other 1958 festival plays included an adaptation of Joyce's *Ulysses,* titled *Bloomsday,* and a reading of Samuel Beckett's radio drama *All That Fall.* Archbishop John Charles McQuaid let it be known that he did not approve of O'Casey and Joyce — he said nothing about Beckett — and refused permission for the usual Mass to open the festival.

"All the pietistic and sacred societies began to blast and bawl, yell and yelp," comments O'Casey. "The Drama Council was frightened." When the producer demanded changes in the play, O'Casey withdrew it. The council dropped *Bloomsday*; Beckett would not allow the production of his play because of the clerical ban on O'Casey and Joyce. Finally O'Casey stopped all performances of his plays in Ireland and Beckett did likewise. The main sufferer turned out to be the innocent Abbey Theatre, which made a lot of revenue during the tourist season on early O'Casey revivals. It is an amusing and sad story, full of Irish irony.

Censors of all kinds irked O'Casey. In 1939 he wrote an article called "Literature in Ireland" for a Moscow magazine, praising Joyce as "the daddy of all those who write, a genius standing alone on a high and lonely peak." The Soviet view of Joyce, of course, was — and perhaps still is — that he was the daddy of the "decadents" and his works are not circulated in Russia. (That too may be changing, for it seems that a Georgian is translating *Ulysses* into his native tongue.)

"The Bald Primaqueera," O'Casey's last article, is an assault on the Theatre of Cruelty and the Theatre of the Absurd. Among his targets are Artaud, Ionesco, Harold Pinter ("Prim Pinter is genteel, he rarely shouts, but uses the voice like the sibilant purr of a Siamese cat, ready to change to the dangerous hiss of a snake at any minute") and Joe Orton's *Entertaining Mr. Sloan.* Of the *avant-garde* only John Arden wins his unstinted praise:

> Indeed, it seems to me that Arden's *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance* is far and away the finest play of the present day, full of power, protest, and frantic compassion, notwithstanding that, on its first presentation, it was scowled and scooted from the theatre by most of our intelligent and unintelligent drama critics. I wonder why!

O'Casey lived a full, productive life and one gathers—from the time of his marriage to the young Irish actress, Eileen Reynolds Carey— a happy one. Yet his literary rewards were few. Neither his native city nor his native country made any gesture toward him at all, though he brought renown on both and was perhaps the most authentic Dubliner and Irishman of his time.

A pity. If they didn't want to salute O'Casey the exile or O'Casey the one-time casual laborer from the slums, they might at least have cast a cold eye on O'Casey the Irish-Irelander who was learning and speaking and teaching Gaelic at a time when De Valera was still playing the imperial game of rugby football. Or the O'Casey who joined the Irish Republican Brotherhood when the revolutionary activists amounted to only a handful. Then there is the O'Casey who worked in Liberty Hall with Jim Larkin during the brutal lockout of 1913. And the O'Casey who was secretary of the Citizen Army, the labor defense force, before he resigned in a proletarian huff over Countess Markievicz's membership in 1914, so that when the revolutionary pot he had helped to stir came to a boil he was an observer on the side lines.

And a good thing too for literature. It left him free to ponder the illusions of power, patriotism and politics; to compile searing plays on man's condition; to create some notable tragicomic characters; above all, to write the most remarkable dramatic poetry of our century.

And too — as this posthumous collection shows — it left him free to retain the outlook of the cloth-cap intellectual who sees life as a glorious adventure, no matter how dreary the journey, and sings to it.

Deviants and Puritans

WAYWARD PURITANS: A Study in the Sociology of Deviance. *By Kai T. Erikson. John Wiley & Sons. 228 pp. $5.50.*

ALLEN GUTTMANN

Mr. Guttmann, author of The Conservative Tradition in America *(Oxford University Press), teaches at Amherst College and is a public affairs editor for* The Massachusetts Review.

Although they sought to establish a "science of society" to replace the descriptive narratives of most historians, the great 19th-century sociologists realized that their theories had to account for human behavior at various moments in history. They often wrote historical books, like Weber's *Religionssoziologie,* or books clogged with a near plethora of classical erudition, like Pareto's *Trattato.* American sociologists today, despite a division between Establishmentarians and Activists (the followers often of C. Wright Mills), share a common disinclination for historical research outside the rather restricted field of the history of sociology itself. Kai T. Erikson is an exception. *Wayward Puritans* is a book of interest to sociologists, to historians and to the general reader.

Erikson begins with Durkheim and with a number of observations about the nature of deviance. Deviance seems necessary in any given society, partly to establish conceptually and emotionally the lines between tolerated and forbidden behavior. The institutions which are supposed to curb deviance seem often to create what they are allegedly designed to prevent, a phenomenon which Negroes in urban America have recently brought to the attention of everyone to the left of Rep. Gerald Ford. The social ceremonies which declare one a deviant (i.e., conviction, imprisonment) are far more socially impressive than the ceremonies which return one to normal life. Do we really expect the police to eliminate crime and prisons to reform their inmates, or do we assume an ineradicability of social sin? The observations and the questions are not new to sociologists, but historians have seldom if ever turned to the past with this frame of mind.

Historians have not, of course, neglected Puritan New England. The sociologist has at hand an immense heap of books concerned with the Antinomian controversy (in which Anne Hutchinson and her followers were expelled from the Bay Colony), with the persecution of the Quakers, and with the witchcraft hysteria. From a sociological perspective, Puritan New England has other attractions as well—it was small, isolated and highly self-conscious. Records, like those of the Essex County Court, are particularly full. The familiar data are put together in the middle chapters of Erikson's book, in which he tells again the story of the errand into the wilderness and what came of it, but the heart of the book is in the last two chapters.

Erikson shows that the incidence of deviance remained fairly constant despite past and present impressions of a series of "crime waves." In 1651-55, for instance, 3.60 per cent of the population of Essex County were legally "offenders" against church or state. In 1676-80, 3.58 per cent were offenders, and statistics for the intervening years vary by no more than one-tenth of 1 per cent. Given

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the regularity of the level of deviance, one must assume that the ministers who preached against the rapid descent of the colony into a sink of depravity expressed their own inner crises rather than a state of affairs recorded in the courts. Analogies to the present are obvious.

More interesting still is Erikson's attempt to move beyond statistical matters and to give specific substance to the general conviction that 17th-century Puritanism has had an immense effect upon all subsequent generations. Puritans saw deviant behavior as "the special property of a particular class of people who were more or less frozen into deviant attitudes." The "reform" of a sinner was in the hands of God. The best that a magistrate could do was to punish the sin that the sinner had committed in accordance with God's predetermined plan.

The Quakers of Pennsylvania were more optimistic. They held that a man might listen in solitude to the inner voice and mend his ways. The Puritan view of criminality was institutionalized in the Auburn system (named after New York's famous prison). The Quaker view led to the "Philadelphia system," where men lived in solitary confinement rather than in work gangs. Erikson's account of the two systems is concise:

> In a sense, then, the two prison models represented different philosophies of punishment and different psychologies of crime. The Philadelphia system, with its emphasis on penitence and solitude, took its major tone from the Quaker feeling that the resources for conversion lay within every man and that even the meanest rogue could improve his religious estate if he were separated from evil influences and left in a position where his better nature could begin to assert itself. The Auburn model, however, was not shaped to so gentle a view of man. Here the keynote was discipline; the men were assembled in long grey ranks, forbidden to speak to one another, kept at heavy labor and subject to constant harassment from the guards—all of which mirrored the Puritan conviction that a reprobate spirit must be broken to the routines of a useful life because it cannot be truly redeemed.

The United States is the only nation in the Western world to opt for the Auburn system, despite the fact that it seems to reinforce criminal patterns. In technical terms we have clung to a system with a very high rate of recidivism, despite all evidence against the system. From this, Erikson concludes:

> This outcome cannot be written off as a simple failure of American inventiveness, for in many ways it is a very apt representation of American attitudes toward deviation: people in this society do not expect much in the way of reform from those who are labeled "deviant."

And this brings us back to the Puritans.

The applicability of this insight to matters other than criminology is obvious. Because most Negroes exhibit patterns of behavior unlike those of the middle class, they are, in a sense, deviants. There is every reason to fear that the police view Negroes very much as Puritan divines viewed sinners—they are worthy of punishment for the blackness by which God marked them. Like the Puritan ministry, the institutions of social control in contemporary America do much to create the calamities they deplore and expect.

Nation Book Marks

A LOGICAL GIRL. *By Gerda Charles. Alfred A. Knopf. 400 pp. $5.95.*

A Logical Girl follows on Miss Charles's memorable earlier novel, *A Slanting Light*. In that excellent work, published in 1963, her woman narrator called herself an intellectual Bovary, a new kind of woman: "A lower middle-class, provincial Englishwoman with immortal longings," who wanted from life not wealth or excitement or romantic love but style and brilliance. Rose Morgan in *A Logical Girl* is exactly this sort of woman, living in an English seaside town in 1943 when the Americans arrive. She is the narrator, telling her poignant story —an intense inner life masked by a drab exterior—from the perspective of a middle-aged woman looking back on herself as an unbelievably naive, incredibly inexperienced 26-year-old adolescent. Miss Charles is an extremely gifted writer, a writer of unfashionable moral seriousness and exceptional narrative power, but *A Logical Girl* is the least impressive of her three novels so far. One can take her female protagonist seriously, or regard her as an object for subtle satire; Miss Charles has not quite brought her themes and characters under the control of her hard, unsentimental intelligence, and there is an ambiguity at the core of *A Logical Girl* that is not willed.

WIDE SARGASSO SEA. *By Jean Rhys. W. W. Norton. 190 pp. $4.50.*

Jean Rhys, who ends a very long silence with the publication of *Wide Sargasso Sea*, has had a circle of critical admirers, from Ford Madox Ford who championed her first book (*The Left Bank*, 1927), to Francis Wyndham who introduces this fifth book. The admiration is justified, and it would be good to have reissues of the four out-of-print books. *Wide Sargasso Sea* is a portrait of Antoinette Cosway, the Creole heiress who was the first Mrs. Rochester in *Jane Eyre*—the terrifying wraith in the attic of Thornfield Hall. Except for the last dozen pages which emanate from that attic room and Mr. Rochester's narrative, both of which depend substantially on Charlotte Brontë's tale, Miss Rhys was free to create the descent into madness during Antoinette's adolescence and early married life in the West Indies. She has done a superb job, mixing subtle amounts of acid into Antoinette's life—suspicions of inherited madness, native hatred and superstitions, rejections and infidelity—to account for brain rot in beautifully lush surroundings. Working a stylistic range from moody introspection to formal elegance, Miss Rhys has us traveling under Antoinette's skin. It is an eerie and memorable trip.

QUARRY. *By Jane White. Harcourt, Brace & World. 252 pp. $4.95.*

Jane White's *Quarry* will be compared with *Lord of the Flies*, for it is a story

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of a murder of a young boy planned by three older boys. For shock and horror values it will not compare favorably, but there are other successes in *Quarry* to recommend it. Mrs. White's insights into the behavior of children are extraordinarily good: and she is equally successful in brief glimpses of the boys' adult relatives. But the transitional hell where two of her three main characters chronologically reside, together with the selection of an odd and peculiarly Christ-like 12-year-old victim, create unresolved problems for Mrs. White in an otherwise fine first novel.

THE 28th DAY OF ELUL. *By Richard M. Elman. Charles Scribner's Sons. 279 pp. $4.95.*

Alex Yagodah, a Hungarian Jew who outlived the holocaust of the Final Solution to resettle in Israel, will inherit $40,000 from his uncle's estate, if he can testify that he is still a professing Jew. Richard Elman's first novel is the bitter record of the hero's testimony. Alex retraces his youth in Clig, a mildly introverted and comfortable existence in a middle-class family, a life of minor pleasures and petty snobberies, of belief in laws and orders and willing disbelief in Hitler's camps. "By now all words are traps," he complains as he begins to record his testimony. Elman's unfolding of Yagodah's youth convincingly demonstrates how the will to live gradually accommodates betrayals, how the burden of the betrayals grows into unrelieved self-loathing and despair; and in exploring the loss of faith and spreading guilt, Elman masterfully mines one part of the holocaust heritage.

HOW THE FISHES LIVE. *By Joel Lieber. David McKay. 375 pp. $6.50.*

How do the fishes live? The big ones eat up the little ones, of course. Joel Lieber's first novel explores savage and social cannibalism: both are terrifying to contemplate. The first half of *How the Fishes Live* relates a three-week nightmare aboard a lifeboat for ten survivors of an ocean liner sinking. Three die of the hardships they undergo before the strongest survivor organizes the act of killing and eating one of the seven to insure a return to society for the rest. In the second half of the novel social cannibalism takes over, as two of the survivors stand trial for murder and the newspapers feed on the case for circulation.

However, Lieber's impressively strong narrative talents are distributed somewhat unevenly in this large book. The survivors, starving in a degraded world of sun-blistered, salt-caked bodies, are carefully realized in the first portion of the novel, but they are seriously threatened with verbal suffocation in the legal and moral expositions of the trial scenes. But isn't this perhaps what society does to individuals when its rituals and laws are challenged? Lieber prompts us to ask ourselves these and other difficult questions.

LETTERS (*Continued from page 290*)

What I disagree with most, however, is the impression Mr. Bernstein leaves that editorials written for the broadcast media are usually bland and harmless. I disagree completely and have enclosed some editorials from this C.B.S.-owned station. As you will see, our editorials are direct and deal with gut issues. I submit that those who editorialize in this community would be quite apprehensive about doing so in this honest and forthright manner.

Of course, it is true that most of our editorials deal with local and state issues. These are the issues people are interested in and the larger issues, the fate of the world and the destiny of man, we leave to the political sophisticates.

Donald J. Trageser
Vice President, C.B.S. Radio
General Manager, WEEI

New Milford, Conn.

DEAR SIRS: *The Nation* asked me to write about Michael Keating's editorial program on one of the country's largest and most important broadcasting stations—WCBS-TV (New York's Channel 2). This is what I did, setting the story against the background of certain difficulties imposed on all broadcast editorialists by FCC policy. Mr. Trageser objects, apparently, to the title put on the story. I didn't write the title; but, in any case, the title refers specifically to TV editorials. Mr. Trageser is vice president of, and writes editorials for, a radio station; why does he insist on shoving a tender foot into a shoe obviously not designed for him? That's point 1. Point 2 is Mr. Trageser's intimation that I object to the principle of equal time. What I wrote was that while equal time makes for good air forums and good letters columns in newspapers (admirable features, both), it doesn't make for dynamic and persuasive editorial campaigns. On a final point, Mr. Trageser and I have no quarrel. He agrees with me that his station deals mostly with local and state issues. And I agree with him that his station's editorials (like most broadcasting editorials) display disinterest in "the fate of the world and the destiny of man." But if I were he I wouldn't boast about it.

I am happy to acknowledge that Mr. Trageser's capacity for indignation, which I think misplaced in his letter, shows up constructively in his editorials, samples of which he was kind enough to send along. I'm certain that, if we could only get him interested in the fate of the world, he'd have something interesting to say. *Victor H. Bernstein*

Vietnam hearings

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIRS: Apropos your editorial of a few months ago ("Advice to Congressmen," July 3) stressing the importance of Congressional Open Hearings on Vietnam and apropos, as well, the letter from Congressman Ryan seconding your comments, we wish to let you and your readers know that we have just had a successful Hearing on Vietnam here in Baltimore. The Baltimore Vietnam Summer Project canvassed in the district of Rep. Samuel N.. Friedel (D., 7th Dist.) and using the results of this work as a basis, we were able to convince the Congressman to hold hearings.

The format of this hearing was not the same as earlier ones. Instead of testimony from a series of witnesses, we had two panels, pro and con, which made statements and cross-examined each other, Congressman Friedel acting as moderator. Panelists included professors, clergymen, State Department, J.W.V., League of Women Voters. The last hour of the evening was open to the floor. All in all this arrangement was satisfactory, except maybe for the fact that the panelists, as well as speakers from the floor, seemed unable to work up their comments and questions in a brief manner.

Congressman Friedel, an Administration supporter, was able to hear various sides in the debate first hand. It is a bit unfortunate that he did not take a more active part in the cross-examination of panelists; however, the agreed upon ground rules were that he would be moderator, and he chose to stick very closely to that role throughout. The audience was overwhelmingly peace oriented, much more so than even Vietnam Summer had anticipated, and we feel sure that this made a strong impression on the Congressman.

Herman M. Heyn, Co-Chairman
Baltimore Vietnam Summer

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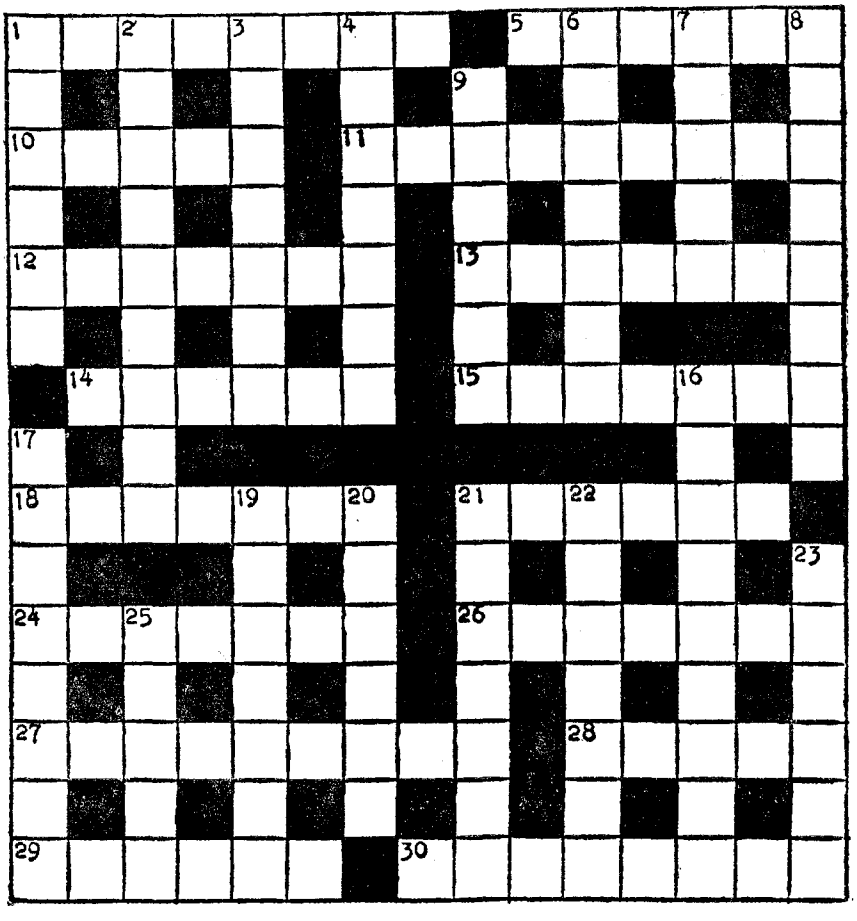
Crossword Puzzle No. 1217

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 One way to violate how the top of the surrey ends? (8)
5 Roughly, to push for a result? (6)
10 Force the remainder by a sound proposal? (5)
12 Obviously at least some people would like to have one in the office. (7)
13 Seven, or possibly 11, is not an artificial concept. (7)
14 What she has goes to you and me, or they at least lead you to something. (6)
15 Sitting where the noise is distorted? (7)
18 Courtrooms might be in more than one way. (Glass served as a conductor.) (7)
21 Likely to cause a 5 nowadays, but it used to drive home the point of warfare. (6)
24 Cubans seem to have confidence but one might prove faithless. (7)
26 An eastern river is the cause of inheritance, understand? (7)
27 How to develop a new type of range item? (9)
28 Mourns with little thought at the end.
29 One who tells any woman objectively, to a certain extent. (6)
30 Infected ones might be, as a lost idea. (8)

DOWN:

1 and 11 across Anticipation expressed when something is no longer appropriate? (2, 4, 2, 4, 3)
2 A gratuitous layer of stone? (9)
3 Suggests where to find the camper's life strenuous. (7)
4 Raises large wagers on which some criminals depend. (7)
6 The broken glass of 18 set up to be worshipped of old. (7)
7 The king or queen, for example, in high public esteem. (5)
8 Get in low, shifting to this? The washer might need it eventually. (8)
9 and 21 down Keeps the basemen from seeing what they can do with a stock problem? (5, 8)
16 Compelling attention. (9)
17 One who produces a joke that turns out to be a dog? (8)
19 One who threw a monkey-wrench into the works, being concerned with automation? (7)
20 It should be worth something to know the name goes back to Joachimsthal. (6)
22 Not used in actual circumstances, though one can keep a book longer with it. (7)
23 Dined where the service may be paramount? (Sloppy eaters are not necessarily implied.) (6)
25 Those single-minded at home try to get to it. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1216

ACROSS: 1 Hypotenuse; 6 Esau; 10 Worsted; 11 Red deer; 12 Iago; 13 Flattering; 15 Avenues; 16 Scheldt; 17 Grizzle; 20 Thereto; 22 Iconoclast; 23 Pots; 25 Alembic; 26 Avarice; 27 Susa; 28 Ascendants. DOWN: 1 Hawaiian guitars; 2 Pirogue; 3 Tutu; 4 Nodules; 5 Sprites; 7 Special; 8 Unrighteousness; 9 Idle wheel; 14 Buzz bombs; 18 Ironers; 19 Enlaces; 20 Testate; 21 Emotion; 24 Rand.

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